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See page 22

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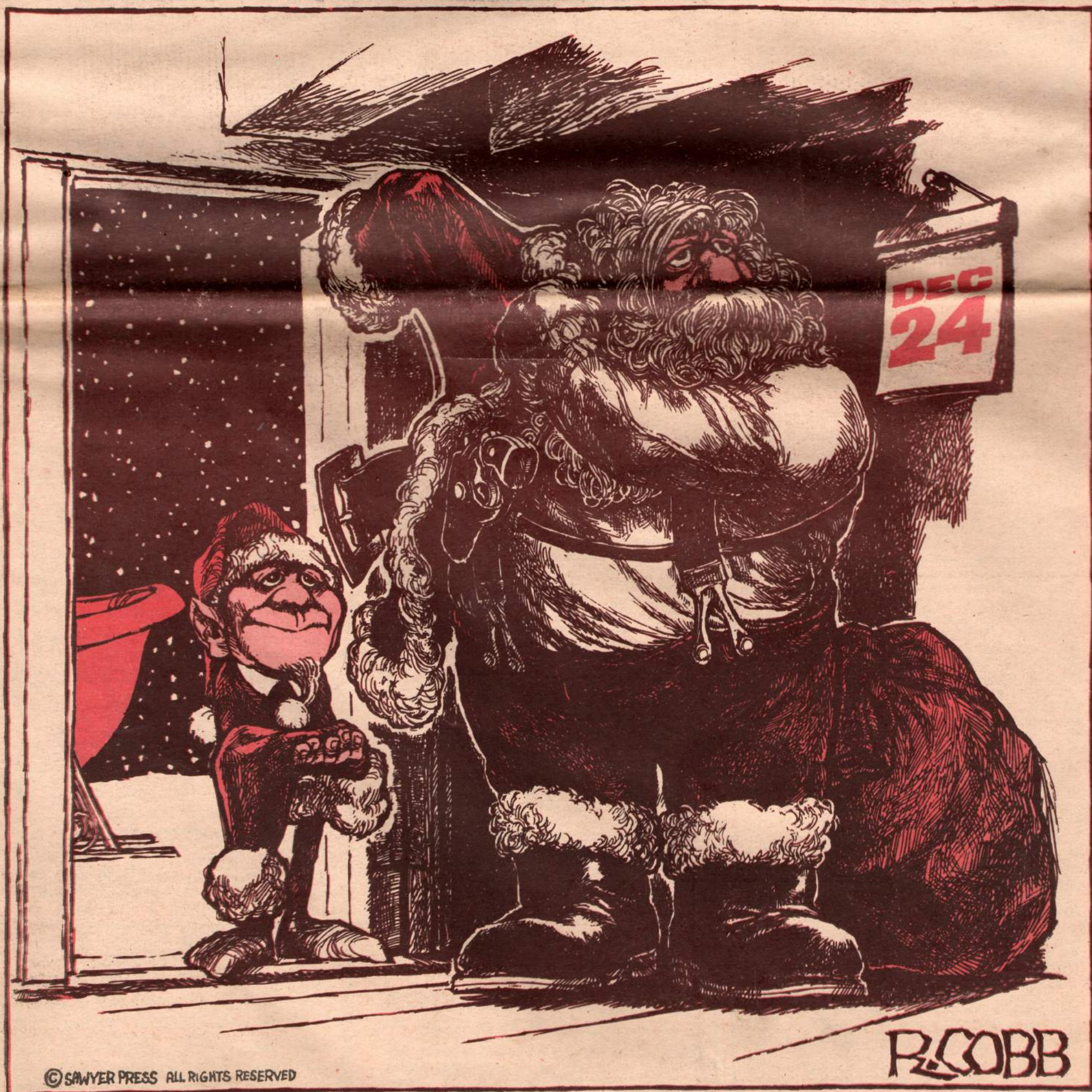
GEORGIA STRAIGHT

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Vol 4 No 141

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unemployed to hassle manpower

by TONY TUGWELL

Normally the unemployed don't protest too much. They are worn down by bureaucrats, filling forms and waiting in line for below subsistence handouts. To make ends meet, to live on welfare for some time is enough to sap the energy out of a lot of people. They don't organize and demand a better deal.

And that's the way things appear to have been planned.

When people do finally get angry, they take it out on their friends. Fights broke out between people in a four hour line-up in front of the Single Men's Welfare office last week. One person in the line said that if they ever got angry together there would be nothing left of the welfare office that put them through this humiliation.

Unemployed people, however, usually don't get angry together.

But now there are a lot of good union men out of work. And they are being put through the same humiliation — long lineups and manpower programs that don't materialize. Some of them are getting angry and they already have some organization through the unions.

Their actions might make the social service system a better deal for all the unemployed.

This Wednesday morning unemployed members of the International Woodworkers of America (IWA) are going after Canada Manpower's part in the program to keep people dependent and subservient. Wally Vogt an unemployed IWA man said that Canada Manpower had only been able to involve about 5 or 6 unemployed IWA members in retraining or education programs.

The demonstration was also, he said, part of a general program to put pressure on the federal government to create jobs, rather than to wipe them out. They are going to picket in front of the Main Manpower building at 1155 W. Pender, 10 am this Wednesday.

The Vancouver labour council has endorsed the demonstration and other union members are also planning to go. Vogt said that any other unemployed or supporters were welcome to come to the demonstration. They are trying to build an alliance between union and non-union unemployed.

The Vancouver local of the IWA now has around 2000 of their 7000 members out of work. They have had high unemployment for 4 or 5 months.

On October 23 the IWA went to manpower and were told that manpower could set up special classes for their unemployed within a week, Vogt said.

The unemployed committee of the IWA interviewed and registered over 60 applicants for the classes. But the classes didn't materialize.

Later on manpower told them that the courses were all full, Vogt said. And the IWA said that more classes should be set up to handle the large numbers of people being laid off this winter.

Then manpower told them they hadn't any spare buildings, but the unemployed pointed out there were many empty buildings near the airport. "Then they said there were no teachers," Vogt said, "and we said there were lots of teachers unemployed."

The union isn't just interested in its own unemployed. "We are asking that they open up something for anybody who is unemployed," Vogt said.

They wanted a wide range of different courses — retraining for jobs that could be created and general education courses. Instead, Vogt complained, the couple of IWA people who have got manpower courses are being upgraded in trades in which there is already fair unemployment.

Federal policies to a large degree are responsible for the widespread unemployment. They are deliberately putting most of the burden for attacking inflation onto working people. But the provincial government and even city could set up important and necessary work to employ people.

Vogt pointed out that businesses were also co-operating in creating unemployment. During a bad period in 67 the company Vogt worked for, Wellwood, didn't have that much work. But instead of laying the men off they kept them on over the winter and used them to stockpile lumber.

Now, however, although there was no lumber in the warehouse, stockpiling could be done but the companies had decided instead to lay the men off.

OLD POWER TO THE PEOPLE

"Old men in positions of power are the curse of this damned planet." — author Farley Mowat.

by STEPHEN BROWN

The civic election was a farce.

The candidates for council, school and parks board had little or no chance to explain their views, even to the tiny percentage of voters who bothered to come out to public meetings.

As a result, most voters — having no idea what the different candidates were like or what they stood for — blindly put their X's beside the names on the ballot that sounded familiar: that is, the incumbents.

If you think I'm writing this "out of sour grapes", as one of the defeated challengers, I'll just have to ask you to believe me, I'm not. I decided the election was a farce long before election day.

The 'campaign' (for lack of a better word) clearly showed the need for breaking the civic election down into many local constituency elections, so the number of candidates and the number of voters they're attempting to communicate with would be reduced to the point where people could get REAL opportunities to size up the candidates.

The results showed why we don't HAVE these constituencies — it suits the old NPA hacks just fine to have city-wide elections in which huge numbers of voters know little more than which names sound familiar, because that assures the re-election of the incumbents, no matter how incompetent or dull they may be. And believe me, many of them wouldn't stand a chance of getting re-elected if more than a tiny handful of people saw them 'in action' at public election meetings. Some of them are pitiful!

I'm confident that if most of the voters who put their X beside the old familiar names could see and hear the person behind that name, they'd never vote for him (or her) again!

Even those few concerned citizens who DO show up at meetings don't get much of a chance to evaluate candidates. The amount of time candidates get to speak is ridiculous — usually about two minutes. For some of them — particularly the NPA incumbents — that's more than enough, because they haven't an intelligent thing to say anyway. But for the brighter challengers, who want to deal with complex civic issues in more than a simplistic, superficial way, it's not nearly enough.

For those who, like myself, wanted to convey some INFORMATION to the voters, not just spout platitudes, the two-minute (sometimes one-minute) limit amounted to censorship.

Press coverage of the meetings was generally terrible. If you got two minutes to speak, you were lucky to get 10 seconds of that speech in the press. One of the main reasons so many candidates turned out to speak at each meeting was that this was their only chance to get reported in the papers. For 10 seconds' worth of grossly over-simplified reporting in the press, it doesn't sound worth it, but all of us were aware that that was the ONLY way to get through to such an immense electorate — an entire city. So the farce went on, night after night after night.

And for what? Sometimes the reporters didn't deign to report at all. Many preferred to write cynical, mocking 'color' or 'angle' stories about candidates who said nothing or about public meetings that didn't attract the public — rather trite and tired 'angles' at that. I can remember the same techniques being used several years ago, when I was a reporter on the Province.

Few of these so-called 'reporters' felt any obligation to simply be good reporters — to do an honest job of straight reporting, which can be an invaluable help in informing the public.

Many seem to be so busy looking for a cute, or ironical, or wry 'angle' that will win them a by-line that they neglect their crucial role of reporting.

I don't blame the reporters entirely, though. They write the kind of thing they know from experience their editors want — and will award by-lines for. Pacific Press doesn't seem too interested in informing the public about issues in an election — it would rather have catchy color stories that arouse or titillate the reader. 'Who cares about INFORMING him?'

For meaningless, superficial coverage, The Province was much worse than The Sun, mainly because it has so little news space. But The Sun too gave over damned little of its total news space to election coverage. Its editors would no doubt say there wasn't enough public interest to warrant more coverage. I'm suggesting that the LACK to public interest is in large part due to lack of good press coverage. A good newspaper LEADS the public; it doesn't follow it.

Sadly, the only alternate press in the city, The Georgia Straight, took a cynical hands-off stance toward the election until the last week and gave it very little coverage, which was especially unfortunate because its reporting is generally more intelligent and less superficial than that of the two dailies.

Radio was a far better medium than the papers for communication between candidate and voter. Some fairly intelligent discussion was possible on the open line shows.

Television was not available as a medium to candidates like myself, running for a secondary position (parks board) meant we didn't get any news coverage on TV and running with a party (the NDP) that depended

on individual citizens, not business firms, for its campaign funds meant we didn't have anything like the kind of money it takes to BUY time on TV, as NPA and TEAM did.

Which brings to mind advertising, and 'Farce Two' of the election: the wealthier parties (NPA and TEAM) have a whopping head-start on the parties representing poorer people (NDP and COPE), because they can afford to use the mass advertising and publicizing techniques essential to reach such a huge electorate as the whole population of Vancouver. A limitation on the amount of campaign spending by any party would make elections more fair.

But I don't want to put the whole blame, for what I consider the largely unenlightened election results, on the media or on the nature of the present electoral system.

Too often the average citizen, I found from canvassing, is no citizen at all.

I don't know how often I heard the phrase "I don't vote", as a door was being shut in my face. The incredible thing is that they said it in much the same way as someone might say "I don't smoke".

Many times People would say nothing but just let me know by edging the door shut as I tried to talk with them that they didn't have even one minute to spare for the elections.

Quite often I heard the standard complaint that "It won't make any difference who gets elected — all the parties just make promises."

Most often, I heard this on the east side, which hurt, because if east siders WOULD turn out in full force and elect a left-of-centre majority, things would improve for them. (At the same time, I can see why many of them had their suspicions: nearly all the NDP candidates were professional people from the west side (myself included).)

I'd be tempted to agree with the huge number of young people of around my own age (26), who have said to me since Wednesday: "See — the electoral process is useless".

Except for one thing: the results DID show a marked shift away from the big business party (NPA) toward the parties that are more representative of ordinary citizens (TEAM, up 2%; NDP-COPE, up 5%).

The 7% boost in left-centre and left popular vote is almost double the 4% drop in right-wing vote (NPA), when you remember that the total turnout was up 5% you may well conclude that what was happening is that more people were voting because for the first time they felt they had something to vote for — it was the first time in decades that there was a full slate of left candidates (NDP-COPE).

The shift to the left was not enough to unseat any of the 'old familiar names', but that there was a shift to the left AT ALL in this autumn of the FLQ kidnappings, jet hi-jackings, and increased revolutionary bombings in the U.S. is AMAZING!

Most progressives, including some in TEAM, feared that the NPA popular vote would increase, reflecting a general right-wing backlash reaction to recent events on this continent.

Interestingly, the NPA itself also obviously expected such a backlash to show in the vote — look at their bumper stickers which proudly proclaimed "Vote the RIGHT (underlined) way — NPA".

So there WERE signs of a gradual but definite rise in the political consciousness (i.e., degree of informedness and understanding) of many voters.

It probably also reflected the entry of more young voters, with voting age now 19. In my campaigning, I found young people, whether high school and university students or working — to be more interested, better informed and less narrow-viewed, by and large than their 'elders'.

Which points to a better future — if the "old men in positions of power" don't mess things up too badly first.

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300 SLEEP OUT

by TONY TUGWELL

There are about 300 people with no other home than the street in the Gastown area at this time of year.

When they do sleep it's in holes in the wall, unlocked cars, open box cars or under the viaduct. Some can be seen sitting up all night nodding off in the White Lunch on Hastings, which is open all night.

The society has nothing for them. And since most of them are older, single men with little energy, they don't raise much protest. So power in the City and province chooses to ignore them. Unless of course, they happen to be standing, sitting, or lying in the doorway of a business, then they are taken away by the police for a few hours.

There are also about 2500 other single men living in rooms in Gastown. One of these is George Marsh, who manages the Dugout at 59 Powell, across from the Straight office. The Dugout is a drop in for people in the area.

The Dugout is financed by the Downtown Clergy Association. But since it is run by the men in the area, people can come in, have a coffee, watch TV, play cards, use the library, sit and talk or just sit, without getting a religious rap at the same time. This alone probably makes it unique in the area.

I talked to George at the Dugout Sunday after the volunteer workers there had closed it for the day and cleaned up. George said there were probably about 270 people with no place to sleep in the area. But there would be over 300, maybe 380, by Christmas.

This was because loggers and other people with money would be coming into town over Christmas. They would squeeze out some of the men in the area who were behind in their room rents.

People usually pay from \$40 to \$70 a month for a small room in the area George said. If you are lucky enough to get a cheap \$40 room, it's usually because there is a brick wall a few feet away facing the window.

The people in the area existed on welfare, pensions

or casual labour, George said. Many of the men who have no place to stay had gone to welfare and been given a note saying welfare would pay rent. Then they would have to search for a room, but couldn't find one because a lot of the Chinese landlords couldn't read the note from the welfare office.

Others, George said, were too proud to go to welfare. The men on the street carry their lives with them. All they own is usually in the pockets of the heavy coats that many of them wear, both in summer and winter.

They can eat at the many missions in the area. Most however, only serve soup or sandwiches, with piety mixed in. George said that the food usually wasn't very good. I asked about the Salvation Army's Harbour Light which does serve meals: "If you want to get sick go over and try some."

The people who live in rooms and the people who live in the street have no place to go during the day. They can however, go to the Dugout where coffee and no hassles are available. They get up to 300 people in for coffee in the morning.

The Dugout plans to stay open all Christmas eve so that everyone at least has some place to go on that evening.

I asked what was needed in the area. "A hostel for 450 people, single men, all operated by the men," George Marsh said.

Lots of things had been talked about for the area. Detoxification centres had been suggested. But very little has actually been done, George said. The one thing that is going ahead, so far, is the fixing up of two old hotels, the Stanley and the New Fountain, which will give beds for 103 men. And it is planned to be managed by the men themselves.

George agreed that it was a myth that everybody living in the area was an alcoholic. Some are just occasional bingers, others not at all. But they are largely single men over 40 who can't get a job.

And when they do apply for jobs the employer takes one look at their Gastown address and decides there

police that her assailant was a bearded white man.

The injustices done to Darrell Seward didn't stop there however. The Appeal Court ordered him to a new trial. His lawyer, David Gibbons, said that in a case like this a new arraignment is normally held within forty-eight hours and bail would be set at that time.

That means that Darrell Seward should have reappeared in Nanaimo Provincial Court by Dec. 7 at the latest, allowing for the week-end. But two weeks later he is still in prison. Last Thursday he was transferred from the Penitentiary to Oakalla Prison Farm where he is now.

Gibbons said that all he could do was to put pressure on the Attorney-General's office. They had assured him that the Nanaimo prosecutor, Horn, was moving as fast as possible.

At the Provincial Court they informed me that it was up to the Nanaimo people. And at Oakalla they said that it was a police matter. Meanwhile Darrell Seward remains in jail.

This is the reality behind the statistic. The frightening fact is that probably the usual is not the unusual. Merry Christmas.

is no way he will hire them, George said.

For the ones that are heavily into alcohol, the three or four hours they spend in the cells doesn't help them at all, George said. They used to spend three days in jail, and that would at least build their strength up a bit.

A lot of people who move down here don't leave until they die, George said. And a lot of them end up dying on the street.

I asked if the new culture, the boutiques and the young people had any effect on the lives of the people down here. About the only help they've been was to bring more people into the area to panhandle from. But they also bring young kids into the area who also panhandle.

George said that of the Gastown boutiques and shops, 11 had agreed to have donation boxes to help supply the Dugout with coffee.

But in general the men in the area are pretty suspicious of Gastown's rebirth. Hip businessmen also move the men away from the front of their stores. And the men are moved out of old hotels so that they can be remodelled and rented to young hip customers.

In Gastown, the hip culture appears to only be the cutting edge of a general move into the area. Young people who are less permanent help move out the older residents, who should have some rights here. Small hip businesses move in, many go broke, and behind them are bigger businesses now starting to move into the area.

No need however, to be heavy only on the hip businessmen. Even many of the corner stores join in exploiting and pushing around some of the Gastown residents.

One grocery, among many on Carrall St., sells the men Bay Rum, the shaving lotion that some people drink down here, and that, George says, rots their insides. He keeps it under the counter, close at hand, the trade is so good.

But although this particular merchant exploits the men, he doesn't want them hanging around. If two or more of them are standing outside the front of his store, he calls the cops.

Instead of coming to Gastown and dropping all your money off to the boutiques, bring a donation to the Dugout. Or if you don't make it that far, to the panhandlers outside the boutiques.

GO TO JAIL FOR CHRISTMAS

Christmas for most people is a fairly relaxing day. But for some people it's just slow and lonely. Some of those people are the young girls in the Willingdon Prison for Girls in Burnaby.

The place is overcrowded, 43% of the girls are native Indians and most of them are at the School because home was a drag and they left. Or their families didn't care.

For the third year in a row Cool-Aid will go to the prison and throw gifts over the wall to try and break the routine that is imposed there. If you want to help you should go to the place at 4 pm on Christmas Day. Take a candle and a present and sing a song for the girls. And for yourself.

It's on Willingdon at Canada Way.

SANTA CLAUS EST VOUS

(LNS) In the working class districts of Montreal the poor and the exploited know well the slogan "FLQ est vous" (The FLQ is you) and this year the slogan for a people's Christmas Festival (Fete de Noel Populaire) is "Santa Claus est vous".

In the fear and repression brought on by the War Measures Act, and subsequent fascist legislation of the Canadian government, the Quebecois have been afraid to congregate or get together for political meetings lest they be scooped into the prisons along with their friends. To get around the problem of censorship and guilt by association groups in various Montreal districts are putting on a series of skits, puppet shows, parades, movies, games, and dances in the back yards of tenements and empty lots. Thus it is possible to entertain and educate the people about the source of their poverty and oppression while fucking the pigs.

One of the main plays is one which portrays Santa Claus as a Quebecois worker who like so many of his friends has been fired from his job by his English Canadian bosses. After looking for a job and being turned down time after time (by English speaking personnel departments, no doubt), Santa finally heads for the North Pole where he can make toys to give out free to all the children. However, soon the big toy companies begin to exploit him and turn his labour into big profits for themselves.

"I'm not going to be used like this!" shouts Santa as he finally explodes, "So they (the English) can line their pockets with money taken from my friends and neighbours".

Santa comes down from the pole to expose the companies to the people, via a press conference which he has called in Montreal. Unfortunately, you guessed it, Santa, like the FLQ, has been declared illegal and the police have warrants out for his arrest.

"Santa Claus est vous" - Santa Claus is everyone who is exploited.

One of the climaxes planned for the play and the culmination of the People's Festival is a parade in which the people will carry Christmas trees to shield Santa from the police. This could be one of the first public demonstrations in Montreal in months.

ALL POWER TO THE IMAGINATION!!

A NATIVE REALITY

by PETER BURTON

White Canadians pay lip service to the realities of the Native Indian.

We ignore the Indians, isolating them away from the urban sections or forcing them into sections like Vancouver's Skid Row where oblivion falls easily, if harshly.

But sometimes the reality can't be ignored.

Last September in Nanaimo Provincial Court a 23 year old native Indian, Darrell Seward pleaded guilty to a charge of indecently assaulting a six year old girl. His sentence was a stern three years in the B.C. Penitentiary and six lashes.

Then on Dec. 3 Darrell Seward's conviction was quashed by the B.C. Appeal Court. The reasons are obvious.

He had been interrogated by the R.C.M.P. in Nanaimo for four hours and then was taken, within fifteen minutes, into the court without benefit of a lawyer. This happened despite the fact that the victim had told the

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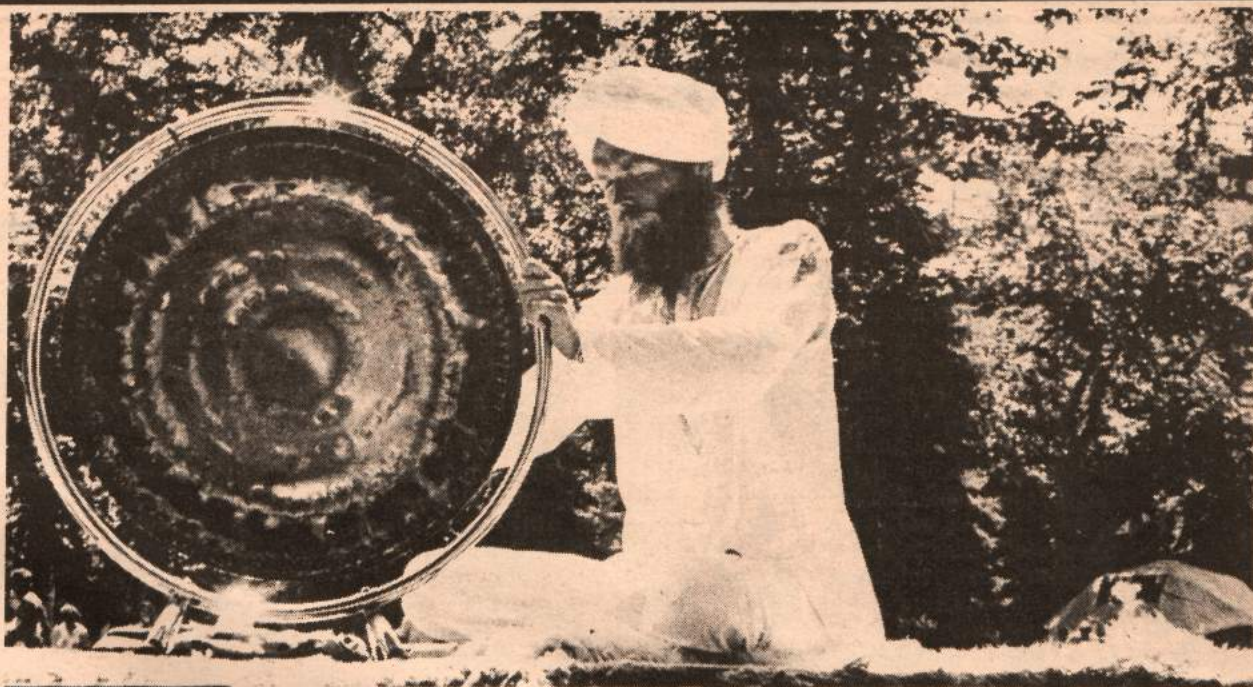
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A Kundalini Christmas

from BOULDER

Children of the Aquarian Age:

Your lives began with the first breath which you breathed. That breath was the in-breath. What was done to you was a shock, a necessary shock to show you what this life really is. You were brought from the safe protection of the mother's womb, where everything was given to develop and prepare you for the next world. Food, water, air and life itself was piped into you at the navel point. You were as a fish living in darkness and surrounded by water (Piscean Age traits). Then came the moment of birth. From the dark to the light, from the water to the air you came forth to grow, to learn and to teach (Aquarian Age traits). Between the in-breath and the out-breath is where truth may be found, between the in-breath and the out-breath is where you may be found. You have been playing this game for a long time. You breathe in and out, in and out all day long. All of your life this game continues, and you never once just stop to see who is really breathing, and when the time comes you will breathe out your final breath and your two eyes will roll up to the one and your whole life that you thought you were living for many years will be revealed to you in a true form — that you were given a divine breath — one breath — to realize the truth, and you could not even control one breath...

The labels people dress themselves up in are what they think they are. Some may say "I am black or I am white, I am tall or I am fat, I am this or I am that." Always going around and sticking on a label to wear about I AM, I am,

You are what? Ask yourself and answer yourself; I am skin, I am teeth, I am hair, I am blood, stomach, spine, nerves, cells, I am even the very atoms that make up each part that I consist of, etc., etc. This question and answer will show to you that you are much more than what you say you are. You are I AM.

Our two universal nurses are the Sun and the Moon, Ha and Tha. The union (or yoke-root for yoga) of these two influences, hatha yoga, balances and maintains us in our every action.

The many layers of consciousness are all to be found right here in this, the whole of Creation; this which was and is a manifestation of the unmanifested, may be viewed many different ways. Some may see it as a bad trip with a lot of uptightness, while others see it as a beautiful place, while still others view it all inbetween the two extremes. They are all in this creation or Maya.

You as one entire being, one group embodiment, one soul whose consciousness (or the ascended Kundalini) is at the planetary heart center, must help one another and yourselves to raise up out of the lower realms of life and begin to see the vastness of your love. You are all teachers and the very best student you have is yourself. Learn the best and purest and fastest way there is. There is not too much time left for all of these individual trips to continue. In this decade man's eye shall be opened and he may view all there is to be seen.

May the light of God fill your being and bring you closer to the truth, that has always been. —Solom

HOW TO SELL

by KORKY DAY, April 1969, revised December 1970.

Suggestions for the street capitalist, by a 2 year veteran.

1. Anyone can sell (yes, even you). Go into the office at 56A Powell St., Gastown, Van. and buy papers at 15¢ each. Go out and sell them for 25¢. Go anywhere (see #4 & 11) you like. Traditional courtesy is one vendor to a corner; 1st one there gets it unless someone comes with a newer issue. There is a new issue every Wednesday.

2. Put in the hours. Selling is good from noon to midnight. You can make \$10-20 a day or \$3-10 in the winter.

3. Buy in volume. Save trips to the office by buying 50 or more at a time. Volume buying means you have to save. Be thrifty. Do not blow the day's profits on restaurant food or dope.

4. Good places to sell:
 DAY

Robson St., Georgia St., Granville St.,
 Hastings St., UBC Student Bldg., SFU,
 PNE (when open), beaches (summer).

NIGHT

Robson St., Georgia St., Granville St.,
 English Bay (summer), all liquor stores
 (good selling), inside night clubs and
 restaurants (ask the manager if you can
 walk around once quietly), inside beer
 parlours (do not ask; wait till they bounce
 you, some do not mind at all).

5. Go where other vendors aren't. For example, selling is good on Granville Street at night when the other vendors have run out of papers. Also some of the shopping areas away from downtown are worth an occasional trip. Some people who don't go downtown are eager to buy, such as young students.

6. Be conspicuous. Walk around on the sidewalk so that everyone notices you. But keep out of their way. This eliminates the need for yelling which annoys many. Look them in the eye, smile, and occasionally make a polite request to buy. Don't sound bored, mention good articles in that particular issue.

7. Be friendly. Lonely people on the street need you.

8. Sell to passing motorists. Some good spots have convenient places for motorists to pull over. Or approach cars waiting for a light to change.

9. A good way to hold the papers is 2 copies opened

STRAIGHT

up, back-to-back, held perpendicular to the line of traffic. People walking in both directions can see the whole front cover from quite a distance (i.e., do not hold the paper facing out towards the street or few people will even notice you).

10. Sell back issues, too. Be sure to SAY they're back issues. Reduce the price on them if you can.



Korky selling with his sparkling Kosmic Kapitalist Money-changer. Photo by Vlad

11. Selling on commercial streets in Vancouver, Richmond and New Westminster is legal. If you try elsewhere anyway and get busted, call the STRAIGHT, they will get you a lawyer. Do not resist arrest; it will destroy your chances in court.

12. If someone declines to buy on account of lack of bread, offer them one at a 5¢ discount.

13. Refer panhandlers to the STRAIGHT office. But they no longer extend credit for papers.

14. Have fun!

'Covered with Blood', Boy Gets Police Beating For Medication

by STEPHEN BROWN

Wally Scott, a 16-year-old New Westminster boy, has told me about an ugly experience he had last week with several members of the New Westminster city police. It included being hauled out of a grocery store, having his hand cut so badly that five stitches were required, being thrown against a truck and onto the sidewalk, and being later beaten by a sergeant in a closed room in the police station.

Here's the story, as told by Wally, his friend Joe Crocker, 15, who was with him, his father, Wallace Scott, a heavy duty mechanic, and his mother:

WALLY: "This isn't my first trouble with them (the New West. RCMP). Two years ago, they stopped me on Hospital Street and took me in for questioning. That was before I'd ever been in trouble with the law. Then me and 7 others got charged with public mischief 9 months ago after we were at a party where a guy had home-made brew and we got drunk and the inside of the

"The sergeant came in and he didn't say a word—he just started hitting me. I knew I couldn't hit him back 'cause if I did I'm going to jail."

house got burned down. I got charged with a B & E (breaking and entering) six months ago. I'm on probation.

"What happened the other day was I'd been working all day at the post office and me and Joe went out to get a burger late in the evening. After, we went into the Low Lun Grocery on East Columbia to get a Coke. When we went out, a cop was standing there. He yelled 'Scott, come here!' I said 'If you call me by my right name, I will.' He knows me and he knows my first name.

"He pulled me over against my van. My hand got caught in the windshield wiper and I yelled 'Wait a minute—I'm caught.' But he yanked on me anyway and my hand got cut. It was bleeding all over the place but they didn't bandage it. He put me in the police cruiser and wrote out a ticket for me for not having a licence plate light.

"Soon there were 2 more cops and one said 'Let's go, the sergeant wants to see you.' I said I wasn't going and got out of the car. I just went up there to buy a Coke and go straight home—I'd worked all day (at the New West. post office) and I was tired.

"The three of them started beating me up. One pushed me. I fell down and two more came to put the handcuffs on me. I folded my hands and they started kneeling me and kicking.

"Later, at the city hall (police station) they took the cuffs off and put me in a little room. The sergeant came in and he didn't say a word—he just started hitting me and I can't hit him back. He marked up my neck.

"I knew I couldn't hit him back 'cause if I did I'm going to jail, so I just stayed as close to him as I could. (The fact that Wally's handcuffs were taken off indicates the police were trying to get him to strike back, so they could lay assault charges).

"I don't know his (the sergeant's) name but he's small, bald and has a moustache."

(A friend of Wally's identified him as a Sgt. Burgess. I called the police station Sunday night and asked for Sgt. Burgess but was told he had been switched to day shift. When I asked his first name, I was asked 'What do you want that information for? and who is this?' I identified myself and explained. I was told to call back the next day and ask for Sgt. Burgess. I again asked for his full name. 'His initials are R.D.' was the answer.)

Sgt. Burgess was contacted Monday. He denied being involved. Asked which Sgt. WAS involved, he replied: 'I could know.' Who? 'I'm not at that privilege to give that information. I wasn't on that shift. You'd better contact the Deputy Chief Constable (Rod) Keary.'

Keary said it was "absolutely wrong" that Burgess was the sergeant involved. "Other than that I have no comment."

Who was the sergeant? "I'm not going to tell you... We've had no official complaint—somebody went to the news media. We have any answers for the family if they



Wally Scott, before his hair grew.

care to come and see us, but we're certainly not going to give any information to the news media."

Wally said Monday night he is positive it was Burgess who beat him at the police station, because he and some friends saw the officer who beat him with other police on Columbia Street 2 days after the incident and his friend was positive the man's name was Burgess, having been involved with him before.

Wally also added some details about the beatings. "When they had me down on the sidewalk (the first beating) they were stepping on me and kicking me. I've got 8 bruises on my back from that."

He then described the beating by the sergeant in the police station: "First he hit me in the stomach, then he moved up to the head, but he kept off my face because that would leave marks, but he did get me under the eye, and there's a red mark there, and bruises on

"Then I hear this big bang on the side of the truck—that was Wally."

my neck."

I asked him if I could come out and see his bruises, to double check the veracity of his statements for my legal protection, and he readily agreed.

"After that, they threw me out. I phoned home and my dad came to city hall. He seen my hand, it was all bleeding. He went in to the police station and started swearing at the sergeant. He asked him to come out from behind the counter and take on somebody his own size, but he wouldn't."

(Wally is fairly short and slight—135 pounds. He has long hair and that seems to be as much a "provocation" to some New Westminster "peace officers" as the fact that he has a record. He says his brother Eddy, 15, was stopped on the street by a cop and told: "Get your hair cut or I'll pull every hair out of your head!")

JOE CROCKER, 15: "When Wally said he'd come if the cop called him by his right name, he wasn't hostile—it was the cop that was. There was one cop at the start but the other two were there real soon.

"I went to our van and sat in it with my legs out the door. One cop shut the door on my legs. I pulled them in and sat there. Then I hear this big bang on the side of the truck—that was Wally. They were thumping him against it. Then they took him away and I ran back to his folk's home to tell them."

MRS. WALLACE SCOTT: "We have another son, Bill, in the Haney Correctional Institute. The police say they'll get Wally in there too.

"Wally says if he hadn't had this (threat) hanging over him, he would have done something, but—

"Ever since Bill was sent to Haney, whenever any-

thing happens in this district, the police say 'The Scott boys did it.' This time, they wanted to question Wally about an incident where some kids were throwing bottles at a taxi. None of my kids went out that night, and I have sworn affidavits from four adults saying that.

"Police chief Meehan said in the Columbian (New West. paper) that the youths (Wally and Joe) were using foul and abusive language. They didn't. It was MISTER Scott—big Wally—who used abusive language. He invited every policeman behind the counter out to pick on someone their own size. I don't blame him, as a father. The kid (Wally) was covered with blood. He went to hospital after and needed 5 stitches.

"Wally did say 'Somebody left the pig-pen door open' but only after they'd called him 'animal' because of his long hair.

"Chief Meehan said in the newspaper that if the

"It was MISTER Scott—big Wally—who used abusive language. I don't blame him. The kid was covered with blood."

parents or youths had any complaints, they should see him.

"Well, Mr. Scott and I went to see the chief BEFORE this incident and asked him to tell his men to leave Wally alone, because he'll turn against the law if they keep picking on him, and then he'll be in (Haney) with his brother. "I know the police have a difficult job, but I don't think there's any excuse for this kind of thing.

"Every time something happens, they stop him. He's been handcuffed before too. Once they pulled him out of his car and took him away to the police station and left the car right in the middle of the road, with the keys in it."

The Columbian did a short story on the affair, headed "Youth Claims Police Beating" and a smaller head: "Chief Denies Brutality".

It was on the front page, but at the bottom, and the phrasing cast doubts on the youth's story, as is usually the way the Establishment press reports such incidents. The first paragraph read: "A 16-year-old youth CLAIMED today he was beaten up by police while being questioned about incidents involving bottles thrown at cars."

In the story, police chief Meehan is reported to have denied the charges of brutality and said any injuries occurred "when the youth violently resisted" attempts by the officers to take him to the police station.

The Sun and Province didn't print anything.

I've heard of this kind of bounding and halting by police of someone with a record several times before. Once you've made one or two mistakes, the old dictum of English law, "Innocent until proven guilty" doesn't apply to you any more, apparently—at least with some police officers.

If this angers you, use that energy constructively to help kids like Wally—write or phone Mayor Muni Evers of New Westminster, or Atty-Gen. Les Peterson, Parliament Bldgs, Victoria.



Q. Q. Writes Page 69.

A Merry Christmas to you, to the tinsel stars of the drag stage, to the hustlers on Granville and the drag queens on Keefer, to Molly at the White Lunch who doesn't care, to Edie at the Skillet who does, to the club owners and staffs, to the leather set, the gay girls, the fruit flies and hangers-on, and to the hundreds of gays who are just the boy next door. To the heads and long-hairs, to the Duchess of Bermuda, the Duchess Richard and all the old 'queens' who have so much to contribute.

And to you all, the wish that in the New Year we might all, as Miss Vegas is oft heard to say, "get it together!" From myself and Lady Wentworth-Brown, Jason and David, and all the folks here at Chez Q.Q.

The only news I have to add is that Vancouver's Gay Liberation Front is off and running on several projects. They need your support, financial and otherwise, for their drop-in night, Fridays, at 6:00 p.m. at 509 Carrall, their gay switchboard and others. Interested parties can write them at the above address or drop by on Fridays.

A Merry Xmas
And A Gay New Year!



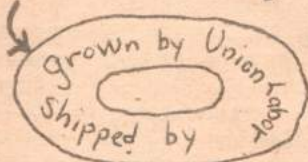
Cesar Chavez is spending this Christmas in jail.

Life for farmworker-migrants is very hard, both in the U.S. and in Canada—please help them by supporting the union. phone 327-2524 if you spy Bud or Rich labels (superscab) or find out anything else of interest.

boycotters are helpless unless YOU ask stores for union lettuce when you shop. and only when the boycott is won, will Cesar be freed.

this is a U.S. teamsters label. it means the product is scab, as the teamsters do not represent the farmworkers and are screwing them for a profit. when store employees say their lettuce is "union", please check the box to make sure it has the UFWOC flag. thank you.

Not this!



don't buy lettuce unless u see this label!



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Please include zone numbers on all correspondence.

SNOOPER VALUS

About five or so years ago I began to visit the back lot of a local supermarket once or twice a week to pick up some lettuce and cabbage scraps which were left in a box beside the Smithrite bin. My initial intentions 'innocent' enough — the greens were to be fed to my rabbits and guinea pigs. Recently, however, I have been finding whole heads of lettuce and celery, whole carrots and many only bruised apples, bananas, oranges, and grapefruit amongst the scraps intended as garbage. These items are at most slightly rotten, but usually only small, broken or dirty.

This waste has been increasing steadily and with it my amazement. Even in view of the fact that our society is ultimately "dispose-and-replace" oriented, this extravagant misuse of fresh produce is disgusting.

I would like to advise anyone who lives near a super(?) market to adopt my practice, especially if they can't afford to buy fresh vegetables at winter prices. Most big stores put their "garbage" outside, but if not, ask for it from the produce manager. If he is reluctant for any reason, tell him that it is for your pet rabbit, monkey, or any other animal with an appropriate appetite. The best time to make your visit is between 4:00 - 5:30 pm, especially on Fridays.

Fat guinea pigs are one thing, but healthy people are another!

Sincerely,
Catriona Hearn

OPEN LETTER FROM MAKAROFF TO LOFFMARK

Health Minister Ralph Loffmark,
Victoria, B.C.

Sir:

As you are no doubt aware, I have recently finished serving a sentence for doing illegal abortions.

Since I was arrested in March, changes in the field have been extremely rapid. I regret that my own pre-trial situation and subsequent imprisonment prevented me from taking part in public debate on the issue, or participating in the work of various action groups.

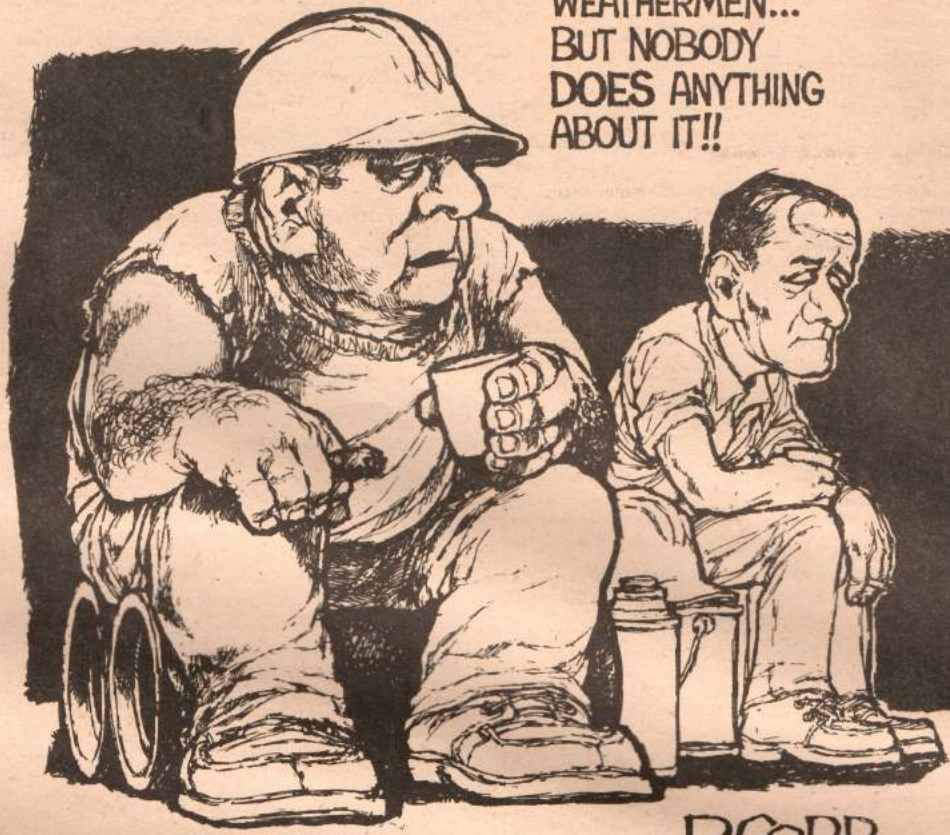
This debate and group action, and the experience of the more liberal hospital boards in meeting the demand for abortions, will soon result, surely, in removal of abortion from the Criminal Code.

The Council of the College of Physicians and Surgeons is currently deliberating the question of my erasure from the medical register, following a hearing December 11, 1970. If the decision is favorable to me, I would be pleased to donate my medical services without charge, to your department, which is having to cope with escalating numbers of therapeutic abortions.

Perhaps the skills and experience which I picked up doing a large volume of abortions, might be of some help. If I am not free to serve in a medical way directly, I would welcome the opportunity to serve in a consultative or advisory role.

Robert Makaroff, M.D.

Copies to: Council, College of Physicians and Surgeons
Editor, the SUN
Editor, the PROVINCE
Editor, the GEORGIA STRAIGHT
Justice Minister Turner, Ottawa.
Health Minister Munro, Ottawa.
Prime Minister Trudeau, Ottawa.



EVERYBODY TALKS
ABOUT THE
WEATHERMEN...
BUT NOBODY
DOES ANYTHING
ABOUT IT!!

GRIMM WARY TALES

Found a little book of limericks recently. Perhaps your readers would like to see a couple that weren't in the book. (No copyright hassles).

1. There was a young doc of Point Grey,
Arrested requesting his pay,
The cost of a lay
Was considerable hay
But no hospital board could say nay.
FOR MORE UPTIGHT TYPES:

- 1 A. There was a young doc of Point Grey,



Arrested requesting his pay
Abortion on demand
Brought in 300 grand
But no hospital board could say nay.

2. An edict from a bureau in Victoria
Made a doctor of Point Grey somewhat sorria
Abortion on demand
Cost him over 15 grand
Now he says to the girls "Can't do morria".

Robert Makaroff, M.D.
4529 West Tenth Avenue,
Vancouver 8, B.C.

APPLE DENIED VISIT

Today more than forty individuals are being held without bail in Quebec prisons, having been detained under the War Measures Act. Michel Chartrand, union leader arrested in mid-October, recently had the date of his trial set back until mid-February — another month without work, without liberty, without his wife and family; four additional journeys for his wife for the weekly visit, shouting to each other through thick plate glass, surrounded by guards and other prisoners. Since October, Michel Chartrand has had one apple, one orange. Last week his wife was not allowed to take him an apple.

Why are these people held without bail, contrary to Canadian law and the Bill of Rights, were that now in effect? They are not accused of murder, sex crimes, kidnapping, shooting police, or even robbing a bank. Under the War Measures Act and its successor, bail is denied unless allowed by the Attorney General of the Province. Some of these people could have been arrested because a police officer BELIEVED that they were ABOUT TO conspire or "form the intention" to teach, advocate, or publish or circulate any writing "that advocates the use, without the authority of law, of force as a means of accomplishing governmental change within Canada."

The law provides that these people be assumed innocent until proved guilty. It is conceivable that some of them may even BE innocent. This is not Spain, Brazil, South Africa, or Greece. It is Canada, Christmas 1970.

Do Canadians care?

Yours sincerely,
Kathleen Macpherson



HELP HELPS

I wish to thank you all for your publication of the column Help.

This Christmas certainly did look very bleak for my family, being unemployed and receiving welfare which just manages to get us by at normal times.

Through your column we have received extra food, toys and clothes from the following organizations: St. Mary's Parish, The Mother's Club, and a donation of a bureau from a kind gentleman who did not leave his name. To these people and those who contributed my family and I wish to convey our deepest appreciation and thanks for making this Christmas a little merrier than we thought it would be.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to everyone.
Best wishes,
D. Chalmers and Family.

MENTAL LIBERATION FRONT

by JEANNINE MITCHELL

What is a free university? (write answer in ten words and mail to yourself, deadline december 48, 1776.)
a. love and candles
b. the eggplant that ate chicago (and spit it out again. . .)
c. a Unique Learning Opportunity, free of corporate control, muffin-tin mentality, and grades/rules/goldstars spoonfeeding/straps
d. 40 stoned monkeytrees dancing down the kings highway yelling we shall oversink.
e. a PLOT to OVERTHROW the CREEPING MEATBALL!!

Recognizing that marching with the military-industrial dinosaurs in their carefully controlled schools and careers is just plain suicide, the Free U. organizers have set out to provide a real alternative, relevant education. There is no business-dominated board of directors to control who teaches, what is taught, and who may learn. It is not enslaved to the verbal-step-by-step rationality of the obsolete western culture. Many courses are available that base themselves on physical and psychic, as well as verbal, communication.

All may join. However, to pay the operation and printing costs (a regular newsletter is envisioned, to supplement the catalogue), the Free U asks for a donation of \$5.00. This allows the member to take as many courses as he can handle. And there is a wide choice - over 100 courses this semester.

Teachers are usually highly qualified and competent in their fields. They offer their services free, although a few courses require the student to pay for materials or books to keep up. Classes may be a one-day affair or may run for months, depending on their nature.

Here is a complete list of the winter classes. For more detailed information on courses and registration, ask the Free University for a copy of the new catalogue. (The list below merely summarizes course descriptions.)

VANCOUVER FREE U: 1895 Venables (at Grandview United Church)

phone 254-8522

REGISTRATION HAS BEGUN. CLASSES OPEN EARLY JANUARY

Poetry Workshop: exchange work, explore both contemporary & ancient poetry. Serious word freaks only. The Word as Magic: wordtrips, chants, poems, ideas, blessings.

Mime Workshop: ballet, modern dance, theatre, mime, yoga, etc. no experience needed, age limited to over 12.

International Folk Dancing: begin at the beginning. includes Greek, Israeli, Croatian, Macedonian.

Dance: hope to form group of experienced dancers, get into basics of yoga, mod. ballet, belly dance, Afro-Cuban, etc.

Rock & Country Music: informal. listen, discuss, and/or jam.

Music as Communication: discussion/listening sessions

Electronic Music: theory and lab engineering course geared to composition. some tools needed.

Learn to Play the Recorder: for beginners to intermediates. need own recorder.

Basis of Music: study of music theory aimed at composition

Batik, Dyes, Tiedies: prob. not for rank beginners. Practice with diff. dyes.

Weaving Workshops: Share knowledge. hand-weaving, Salish & Inle looms, dying wool. make own looms.

Figure Drawing: model, paper, charcoal, instruction provided. small donation for model.

Music Workshop: make instruments out of anything! shop provided.

Tie-Dye: one-time event, as can be taught quickly. bring shirt, etc.

Process Art: emphasis on creation of process, rather than product. both theory and studio work.

Painting: for serious students. work at home, rap at classes. poss. classes on graphics, fresco, etc.

Liberated Self Thru Painting & Ceramics: no class, call instructor for individual help. learn how to get set up. individuality main object.

Ceramics: sculpture, clay-modelling, plastercasting, glazing, firing.

Basic Art for Beginners: theory, field trips, slides, speakers, art shows.

Introduction to Batik: short intro course. free literature

Macrame: string-knotweaving. learn inca weaving plus more. bring string.

Beading: strings & looms. poss medallions, rings, bracelets, need materials

Creative Dressmaking: comprehensive, basic dressmaking techniques to pattern adapting and design - plus much more. need access to sewing machine and a few tools.

Crocheting for Beginners: stitches, and what to make with them.

Quilting: expert teaches hand quilting, pictures, cushions, covers.

General Upholstery: learn complete upholstering techniques. most tools supplied.

Interior Design: theory, emphasis on modern, with study of past styles.

Chess & Go: novice to experts in these 2 games. bring own sets.

Drama of Living: a unique approach to opening human communications, involving dramatic techniques.

Creative Lovemaking: not an instruction course, but all contributing. sounds like a discussion group, basically.

Sex: Ascetics, Athletics, or Aesthetic?: very comprehensive. involves philosophy, yoga, maithuna, study of diff. approaches to sexuality and life in general.

Encounter Group: qualified instructor.

Encounter Group: not psychotherapy substitute. open feelings in atmosphere of warmth. 12 weekly sessions plus weekend retreat - cost about \$5.)

Gestalt Workshops: personal growth, not therapy. goal a whole, integrated human. Trained with Perls, Berg and Esalen.

Experimental Workshop in Creative Movement - Gestalt & Awareness: integrate gestalt with meditative, creative Tai-Chi & Gung-Fu. learn to express creative potential.

Sensory Awareness: 2 day workshop to get u out of yr head into yr body.

Human Communication: emphasis on oral expression and listening skills.

Eternal Life: broad view of different philosophies, psychic fields.



Higher: descending-ascending vortex, infinite vision, getting There. prefer students to be at least semi-together and fairly mindblown.

Krishna Consciousness, The Genuine Vedic Way: chanting, transcendental meditation, playing of ancient spiritual instruments, etc.

Color Meditation: the effects of various colors on the mind and body, etc.

Yoga: personal growth emphasised, meditation, chanting, breathing, diet, karma & tantric yoga. tapes by baba ram dass played, and raps. led by student-aid to baba ram dass & vishnu-devananda.

Meditation: aimed at personal development, inner peace and confidence.

Preparation of Psychic Development: relating psychic development material, like meditation, transpersonal experience, etc. based on Law of Love.

Celtic Faith Thru the Ages: discussions and services. no monologue or dress restrictions. no collections. unity of all beliefs stressed.

The Islamic East - Islamic Culture: comprehensive history, arts, religion, sufi mystics, contemporary view, etc.

Islamic East-Afghanistan/Persian Language: part 2 of above. also very comp. language, literature, food, beliefs, the peoples of Afghanistan.

Communal Living: what is it, why does it succeed or fail? for those seriously involved. one weekend spent on farm.

Natal Astrology: no details available.

Hypnosis: intro to theory & practice. emphasis on medical, and advertising applications (whaat?) 5 lectures.

Indians of the Northwest Coast: digging each coast culture from inside, multi-media, museums, workshops involved.

Gay Liberation: seminar-discussion approach. look at general lib movement, sexism, goals of gay lib, social theories.

History of Women: what got us in all this shit? based on reading the 2nd sex by Simone de Beauvoir plus other contemp. material. women only.

Consciousness-raising Group: women only. for those interested in women's lib issues but not up to political action or demonstrations. read, discuss, be honest.

Yippie: learn about yippies by becoming. kids, learn how to subvert yr. skool.

Canada as a Subordinate Spouse: life in an amerikan colony - emphasis on OUR limiting attitudes.

Power Struggles in B.C.: Mordecai Briemberg on who owns B.C. - its media, universities, factories, government, courts, cops, real estate, etc.

Political Workshop: rap with those of differing views.

Canada: Imperialistic Colony: our exploitative relations with the 3rd world; how to help overcome injustice.

Deadbeats or Human Beings?: meet and work with the UCWIC on some of their committees - co-ops, pressure groups (for rights of poor), newspaper. get-together against gagliardi-ism.

Power Struggles in Quebec: what's really going on in Quebec? study of the kidnappings, the trials, federal reaction, and the history of Quebec.

Politics in the U.S.: student politics, history, issues, etc

Parliamentary Procedure: adapting formal parliamentary procedure to organization meetings.

International Affairs & You: nationalism, international economics & law, vietnam, u.s.-soviet, u.s.-canada

Modern Revolutionary Thought: theory behind the action marx, mao, fanon, debray, trotsky, lenin, rubin

Maoism: theories on dialectical materialism. much study of leninism, marxism, engelsism, stalinism, maoism

Socialism and Human Freedom: a wide view of socialist-related movements over the years - marxism a look at communist countries, humanist socialism, new left, women's lib, socialistic freedom experiments like Summerhill.

Socialism: historical development of soc. thought. examination of how socialism may or may not apply in today's world.

Freedom: what is it? related (apparently) to socialism

Comparing Hip Movements: read The Making of a Counter Culture, then discuss problems & possibilities of wilderness living, overthrowing the govt., etc.

Basic English: learn to verbally communicate without the fuzz - taught by technical writer.

Intermediate Oral Spanish: mexican, everyday spanish. text, records avail.

Conversational French: discuss contemp issues in french

Photography - concerned photographer or Rip Off Agent? a working photog. course which includes raps on the philosophies & moralities involved.

Filmaking & Theory: history, theory, and practice. some books advised.

The Novel & Film as Art Media: study of the artist's search for a medium. read contemp novels, scripts

Scuba Theory: general knowledge, but no water time. small cost.

Stock Market: stock salesman shows how to make it in the death culture.

Mini-Business: how to survive as a small business in corporation country

Philosophy of Understanding: hard to describe. Understanding the nature of man limited by natural drives?

Plato's Republic: intro. to philosophy beginning with plato's republic. can discuss metaphysics, philos psych, whatever.

Theory of Knowledge: short readings from plato & descartes basis for discussion of age-old queries i.e. why is?

The Curious Mind: philos of the future. attempt to regain open mind. prerequisite is curiosity.

Drop In Seminar: mystery guest lectures on such subjects as meditation, politics, gestalt, ecology, etc.

Alternate Education Workshop: research and raps of free schools, humanizing public schools

Future Education: developing counter education for a counter culture. educ possibilities of communes, hostels street & free schools, encounter groups

Economics: course topics up to students. one text.

Intro to Computer Science: look at history of computing hard, software, with intro to FORTRAN computing. start at beginning.

Everyday Electronics: basic theory. radio electronics, domestic elect., hobby elect., - whatever yr interest

Meteorology & Climatology: how to forecast, effects of pollution on weather, weather control poss tours.

Organic Farming: what, why, when how, whatever you want to know.

Mathematics: whatever aspects you want to get into.

Basic Mathematics (Analysis): intro to functions, basic trig., graphs, polar co-ords, elem calculus, etc.

Ecology for All: ecology of life - can refer to bucky fuller, arthur shaw, poss mumford on cities. research on city organisms, pollution, people or?

Peaceful Space-Ing-Ing: sprouting seeds, making yogurt, wild planting, welding, co-op buying, fasting, I Chinging, touching, child rearing, crafting, everything.

Vancouver Access: get together and make a whole earth catalogue for Vancouver. must be knowledgeable about your own vicinity.

What if you've read through all these courses and you want to teach or organize one on your own? You still can, only it will not be listed in the winter catalogue. It should make the newsletters, though. So if you think you have some knowledge to share, contact the Free u now.

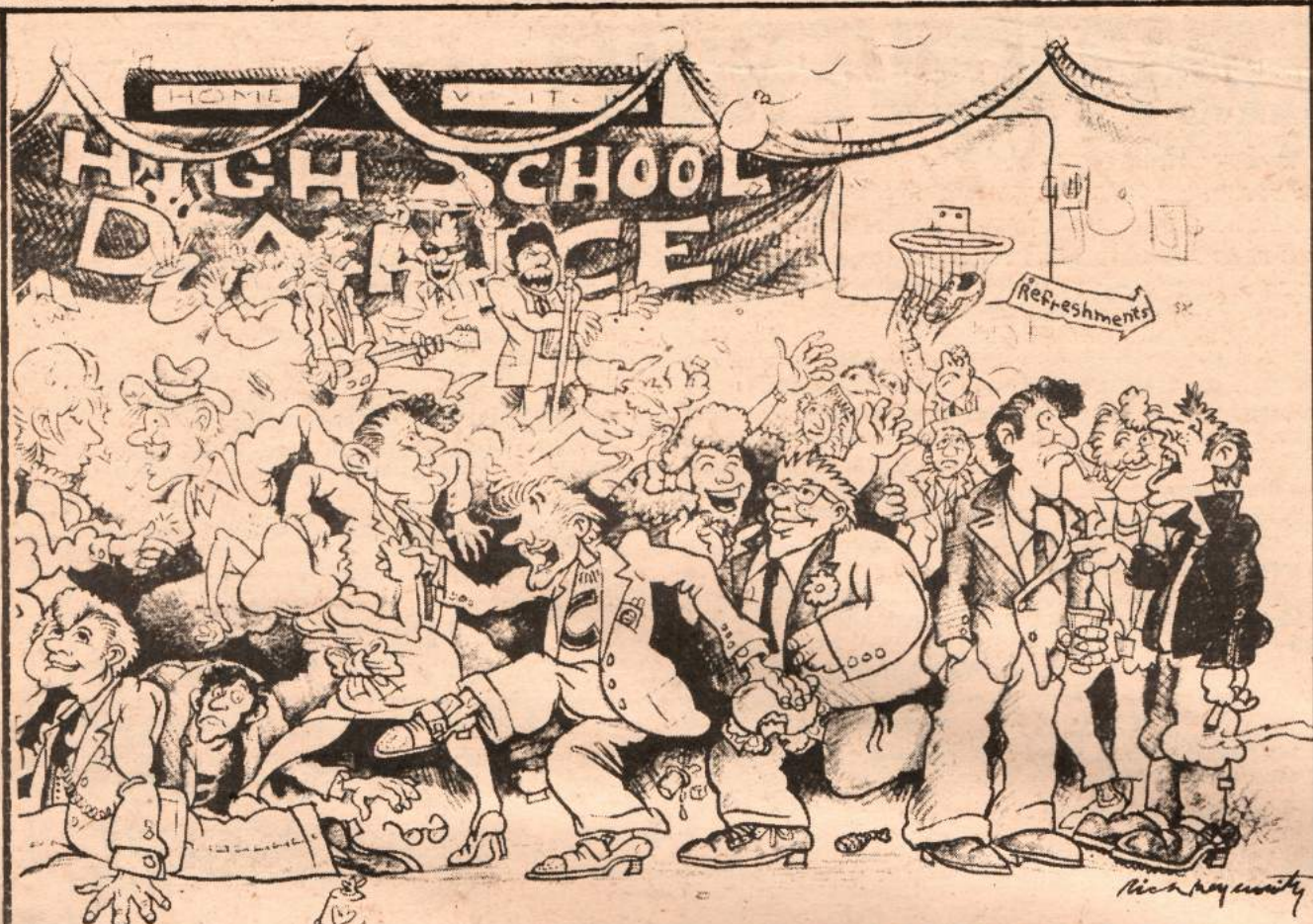
Here are just some of the courses people have requested. Could you teach any of them?
woods survival kwakiutl language judo
history & tactics of guerilla warfare
mechanics speed reading swedish
bird migration herbal lore
red power minor house repairs
stained glass craft leathercraft
public speaking

If you plan to take a course, why not offer your home as a meeting place? Of all the things the free-u needs, place to hold classes are most important. almost 1/2 of the classes have nowhere to meet! Other things needed by the free u are:

books - for a free library
film & photog equipment
a clock
a typewriter



free u frees u free u frees u free u frees u free u



TRIBES

Dear Alice Too,

Last summer I rented a cabin in the back of an orchard which is about 20 mi. north of Kelowna. The rent for the cabin was \$10 a month with wood stove, wood, electricity and a half size fridge. There's also a well and a bucket. I originally went to the interior with the intention of growing a garden and just grooving, and watching the things grow. I was really fortunate. The foreman and the two cats who worked in the orchard are really beautiful people. The foreman let me grow a vegetable garden in the irrigated tree nursery; we started turning on together, they'd never turned on before, and are very open minded people.

I worked a few hours every week in the orchards, fished and swam in a nearby lake, hunted rabbits with bow and arrow to balance my diet as the quality of the food you can buy in small towns is poor (originally I was on a vegetarian diet). Interesting trip is the kinds of people you meet working in an orchard: couple from Nova Scotia who came to B.C. to find jobs, lesbian couple from Sask., an Indian family down the road, draft dodger, and one cat trying to escape a drug charge. All so-called "social outcasts" and looking for a way out of the middle class mediocrity.

It would be beautiful there this winter with the snow. There's about four different cabins there all with stoves, electricity, etc. If there are a few people who want to split the city, live cheaply and in semi-isolation, I could pass on more specific directions.

Most of the people in small towns in the valley are quite friendly. Obviously, I'm really wound up about the place, used to live on a farm when I was small and getting back into the land is like being reborn.

In reference to your last column about winter living advice, all I can think of is: do crafts, get on welfare, and have a mail order relationship with a bookstore. About 8 months ago a person could support oneself doing leather work alone, but now there's more shops and factories are starting to mass produce crafts. If a person or a group of people did different crafts with shared resources, they could probably get by. Our situation is similar to the Indians' when the white man first arrived, but instead of beads we get welfare checks. A radical solution is the only solution as a compromise would put all us "outcasts" on the skids.

With love,
Howard Dirkson
3520 W. 10th Ave.
Vancouver 9, B.C.

Alice 2,

I live in the North B.C. bush. Make my living by Placer Mining and would be willing to correspond with individuals interested in migration to B.C. bush. Also my cabin will be open as a 'bush' hostel this summer. I'm 4 miles south of Manson Creek (It's on the map, so look it up!)

Wally Raymond
General Delivery
Manson Creek, B.C.
(Via Fort St. James.)

Dear Alice,

For future ideas concerning subsistence farming I suggest looking at:

Kains, M.G. Five Acres and Independence
New York, Greenberg, 1935.

BY ALICE TOO

It has many worthwhile ideas. Originally written to aid in the back to the land movement during the Depression. It is written for the novice but could be equally enlightening for an old pro. Many sections have hints on organic and semi-organic culture.

Dan Cash

In a past TRIBES column there was an article about land in Northern Ontario which mentioned the fact that there are many abandoned farms available which would serve as ideal sites for rural communes.

There's a very similar area in Manitoba, near the north end of Lake of the Woods (I think). Used to be a lot of small farms there, but were abandoned when World War I created large numbers of jobs. From what I gather, they are still held by Manitoba agencies, and it should be possible to pick them up dirt cheap.

Patrick A.D. Powell

Some hints on hides from Suzanne: (they can be coupled up with the TRIBES article on how to make moccasins a few weeks back.)

There is a saying: Anything worth doing is worth doing well. Forget it. When you are living in the wilderness, you do everything to the best of your ability. If you can only slop it together, well that is better than not even trying, or talking yourself out of doing it. If you don't know how to do something, do it whatever way you can. There are lots of things that don't have to be done in a certain way. Well, like for example:

If you want to use leather (hide) for moccasins or for making clothes, did you know that you don't have to know how to tan it? Hide, any kind, can be used for any item of clothing, untanned. If you find an old hide that has hardened to rock-like consistency, put it in water for a few days. It will become soft and workable. You can shape it or re-shape it while it is wet. Untanned, it will get stiff again if you don't work it at all, but it might get you by till you can get something that is softer. Rabbit skin, squirrel, marten, wolf, weasel are all soft and pliable untanned. Some untanned hides are paper thin and for that reason are best as lining or with something sewn or glued to the skin side. (Your wilderness glue is tree pitch.) You can even use the soft inner bark from the birch for lining these skins. The untanned hide has a far longer life-span than tanned hide, if you clean off all flesh and fat. You don't have to get the hair off a hide. I guess the saying you should remember is: there's more than one way to skin a cat. (Sorry!)

Help! Could Curtis Rodriguez please write in to TRIBES with his new address. Also could Bruno Boeckman write in as I've misplaced his address and have mail to forward.

All ideas, information, solutions, criticisms and visions gratefully received. Help your brothers and sisters. Write:

Alice 2

56a Powell St.
Vancouver 4, B.C.

See you at the first annual shop-in learn-in turn-on of the SPECTACULAR COMMODITY ECONOMY Dec. 23 at the Bay (see article this issue). It will be a chance for us to inspect creatively and critically the foolish basis of the system we are building alternatives to.

POCRATES

by
EUGENE SCHOENFELD, M.D.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

I am 5 months pregnant and I have sniffed small amounts of heroin a couple of times during the last month. The reason I am writing this to you is to find out whether or not this would have any effect on my pregnancy or the child's condition.

It is very important to me as I don't want to do anything to hurt my baby.

ANSWER: Heroin addiction is often found in babies born to female junkies. Even if you haven't used enough smack to addict yourself or the fetus, each time you sniffed it, he was also narcotized. Moreover, heroin is frequently cut with quinine, a drug which could cause premature labor and delivery (but not abortions, despite popular belief). The chances are your baby remains healthy — keep it that way by stopping the use of all drugs during pregnancy.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

Your correspondent who needs a way to backpack menstrual supplies might find very useful the small collapsible plastic cups that fit within the vagina and have a triple, leakproof seal. True, they are a little bulkier and trickier to use than tampons, but enough better to be worth the effort. A girl with a tight hymen might experience some pain especially on removal, but it's my opinion that, if so, she ought to persevere or she'll have one helluva wedding night.

Of course, the manufacturer recommends flushing them away. But they aren't biodegradable and concern for our poor abused ocean led me to discover that they can be very easily and quickly washed and reinserted. They require changing only every 12 to 24 hours and so half a dozen of them should last our backpacker almost indefinitely. Check them out at a pharmacy or supermarket.

Female M.D.

Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates:

I am considering beginning transcendental meditation as taught by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. I recently heard that this can cause brain damage. Is this true?

Are there any other dangers? Are there any advantages?

ANSWER: Transcendental meditation has been known to produce measurable physiologic changes in the body, but brain damage is not among them. I don't know of any physical danger possible and you'd have to decide for yourself the spiritual hazards or benefits. Most people I know in the transcendental meditation movement began their search for spiritual enlightenment through the use of drugs before being convinced they could reach that goal through meditation alone.

Filmmaker Bruce Conner stated recently that 10% of the films shown at San Francisco's First Erotic Film Festival were worth seeing. Conner, who was one of the three judges, believes this is about average for film festivals of any kind. If time alone were considered, the percentage would be even smaller. One of the best was a short, impressionistic film with sound by Scott Bartlett, who has previously produced such prizewinning films as "Off-On" and "Moon 69." Scott believes the film he entered in the Erotic Film Festival (which also won a prize) is best viewed at home. Aside from its other virtues the film is a true aphrodisiac.

Another film worth noting was a standard boy-girl stag film but speeded up tremendously. "The Quickie," which lasts but 100 seconds, is also tremendously funny.

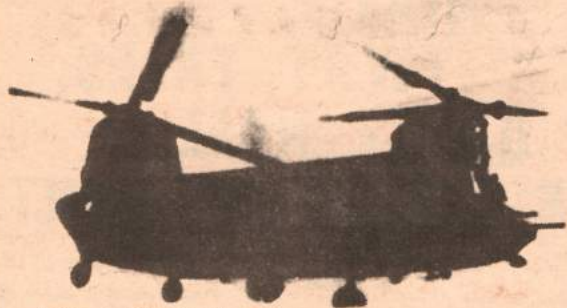
As the sponsors of the First International Erotic Film Festival wrote in the programs, eroticism has a place in films as in life. But so far the state of the art is imperfect.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him at 2010 7th Street, Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers. Published by Grove Press, \$9.95 paper-bound.

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by TOM MARLOWE

Saigon . . . The outcome of Lt. William Calley's court martial at Ft. Banning, Ga., will set a historical precedent regardless of the final decision. If Calley, who is accused of murdering at least 102 Vietnamese people in the hamlet of My Lai in March of 1968, is found guilty and subsequently punished, the fact will evidence that the U.S. is not totally indifferent to the needless killing of civilians in Vietnam, as hard as they may be to believe.

But if, on the other hand, he is acquitted, it will be painfully obvious that the United States does not intend to admit that its boys are capable of committing war crimes.

That no immediate effort was made to bring Calley to trial is now sad, past history. In fact, the massacre was repeatedly denied, both by the U.S. and South Vietnamese authorities and it wasn't until Life magazine published the shocking pictures of the slaughter that the army finally admitted the incident "may have taken place."

Head of the police state, "president" Theiu, went so far as to state publicly that no American troops were involved at My Lai. "Around one hundred civilians were killed accidentally by artillery," he said, terming the "incident" as a "regrettable but honest mistake." (talk about selling out your own).

Dictator "president" Theiu banned the My Lai issue of Life from Vietnam and many people in the war-torn country still don't know what happened.

The greatest tragedy may be that the My Lai massacre, for which Calley is on trial, is not a singular occurrence in Vietnam, for either side.

Survivors from the village did not report the mass murder because, as one old woman told me, "it has happened many times before."

If the populace of the nation directs its indignation over the "incident" solely at Lt. Calley, then it may be missing the point. Calley is just an average officer, who was leading a typical platoon on a routine operation. MY LAI WAS NOTHING NEW.

Too many have been killed in Vietnam because they have made good targets. If Calley was indifferent and cold to the helplessness of his victims, he was not alone in his indifference. It is spread throughout the American Army.

Starting at the top, a general in the 101st Airborne division in 1968-69 enjoyed taking pot shots at people from his "gookmobile".

The "gookmobile" was his helicopter and so named because he shot "gooks" from it with his pistol.

Son of the famed General George C. Patton, Lt. Col. George Patton Jr., admitted that while in Vietnam he "loved to see arms and legs fly" as rapid firing machine guns sought out targets below his helicopter.

In mid-1969, the commander of a "Cobra" gunship company complained that "it isn't as good as it used to be here. You can't kill as many people now as you could in 1967."

"There aren't as many enemy soldiers and sometimes we have to really hunt for body count," he said.

His squadron, nicknamed the "Blue Max" — because of the maximum amount of firepower the blue Cobra's are equipped with — was stationed 65 miles northeast of Saigon at Quan Loi and prided itself in having the highest "kill count" of any unit in Vietnam. At night, officers bragged about the number of people they killed during the day and a few pilots jokingly admitted that not everyone they shot was an enemy soldier. One young captain summed it up by saying "gooks are gooks, they are all the same."

Once I was offered \$100 by the pilot of a Cobra gunship, to fly with him and "work the mini-guns." "Once I had fired the motor driven mini-guns," he promised, "I would become addicted to it, grow to need it and join the army to fly gunships." — I declined.

A 4th division supply sergeant, stationed near Pleiku, around 220 miles north of Saigon, is reported to have mounted a "customized" .50 caliber machine gun in a Huey helicopter. Hueys are normally equipped with the smaller, though deadly, M60's.

For accuracy, I was told, he mounted a sniper scope on the weapon and modified the .50 to fire single-shot instead of automatic, or, as it is referred to by most

MY LAI WAS JUST ONE INCIDENT

GI's, "guns a-go-go."

He went up every morning for "target practice", bragging that he could "pick off people a mile and a half away." When he was found out by his superiors, he was hastily transferred to another unit. No charges were brought against him.

A former army sergeant who worked as part of a high level investigation team said that a 19-year old squad leader used to "waylay and murder people," in order to avoid spending time on night ambush patrol.

He was frequently ordered to remain on patrol until he "produced some body count". The sergeant, who asked not to be identified for fear of retaliation, said the boy killed peasants returning from their work at charcoal pits. "After he shot them," the investigator said, "he would tear up their identity cards, call headquarters, and report that he had ambushed some VC. Occasionally he brought with him belts, used by guerilla forces, which he planted on the victims to make the peasants look more like authentic Viet Cong. After reporting his kills, the sergeant revealed, the young

G.I. was allowed to go back to his base for the night. He usually ambushed people around 5:30 pm, the investigator said.

Formal protests were lodged by members of the man's squad, but charges were never brought against him.

A military legal officer in Vietnam said that for every case of murder reported by men in the field, hundreds go unreported.

For all combat units, the body count is the most important aspect of the war. Each unit keeps a running cumulative score of the daily "enemy kills".

A national veterans' inquiry into U.S. war crimes in Vietnam heard several veterans testify that Lt. Calley is being used as a scapegoat for what has been general practice for many American soldiers in Vietnam. Many observers tend to agree.

(Tom Marlowe is now living in Hongkong, recovering from a serious arm wound he received recently in Vietnam.)



Songmy, 1968.

EDMONTON SCENES

by YRP

The Inner Spirit Teen-centre is a farout place to come if you dig beads, candles, mobiles, rings, medallions, etc. If you like making any of these things but never seem to have enough bread to make them then this is the place you're looking for. Here you can make the things you like with supplies from the teen-centre and then split the profit from their sale 50/50 with the centre.

Music Guild: Every Thursday at 7:30 the Music Guild meets here at the teen-centre for rap sessions and informed presentations. Then Saturday evening at 1:00 am a free jam is open to any interested people.

Stockade Coffee House: Every Thursday, Friday and Saturday Edmonton's only local low-priced coffee house happens. Sunday a hoot is the happening for the day. Membership is 50¢ and then it's 75¢ per evening, except Sunday's hoot which is only 50¢.

Free Press Paper: The Edmonton Liberation Movement is getting a Free Press paper together. They need you support, if you want to contact them just phone the teen-centre at 429-2122.

Free Store: The Free Store exists by you taking what you need and bringing what you don't to us. This includes clothing, books, etc.

Free University North: FUN offers courses in radio, the occult, guerilla warfare, cinematography, elementary engineering, underground papers, yoga, and many other really farout things. If you're interested in taking any of these free courses phone 432-5327.

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by JEANNINE MITCHELL

TWINKLE TWAT ATE MY FRIEND!

I have been asked by an acquaintance of mine to warn you all of the potential hazards of those highly-touted new genital deodorants.

Only two weeks ago, this acquaintance (let us call her Sally) suffered a most harrowing misadventure while on a date with a fellow we shall call Joe.

HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED:

When Joe asked Sally out for a dinner date at a certain intimate restaurant in town, she prepared herself for a Possible sexual encounter (it was their 3rd date in that many weeks). She bathed, perfumed and decorated herself, secured her wig with extra bobby pins, and just to be sure, borrowed her roommate's sprays of TWINKLE TWAT, a feminine hygienic deodorant.

As it later turned out, Joe had prepared himself as well - not only with a special pre-lubricated rubber safe with a drawstring and a little rubber hand on the end, but with liberal amounts of BUTTERBALLS (Gunsmoke scent) which he had just seen advertised in Playboy. (Joe is a really considerate cat, and he hates to offend.)

After dinner, they circled Stanley Park a few times in Joe's Mustang before he slid the car into a shady parking lot and turned off the ignition.

It wasn't more than an hour later, says Sally, that they realized something was wrong. In struggling to get out of their cramped position in the back seat, they discovered that they were STUCK!

(The cause of the dilemma was apparently a freak chemical reaction that took place between the TWINKLE TWAT and BUTTERBALLS. Like epoxy glue, A had bonded to B, perhaps catalyzed by body heat and/or the unique chemical balance of each skin surface.

Finally, after attempts to free each other had miserably failed, the mortified duo slid together to where they could reach the horn and help was soon on the way.

To make an embarrassing story short, Sally and Joe were finally freed, but only after a lengthy and delicate operation in which a team of firemen separated them hair by hair, as policemen held off a gaping crowd.

It was a shattering and humiliating experience for both, and indeed, only their acute embarrassment over the incident has kept them from suing the manufacturers concerned.

Take a tip from Sally and Joe - stick with soap and water!

* * * *

ROHAN:

For those who didn't get last fortnight's Straight, ROHAN, the new and used record store, has recently opened on 4th, near MacDonald. It's co-op, profits to go into various community projects (modelled after Leopold's in Berkeley.)

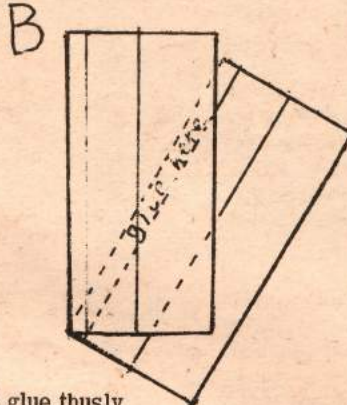
TRICKLE:

CONSTRUCTION OF THE CLASSICAL EUROPEAN JOINT
(courtesy of Larry)

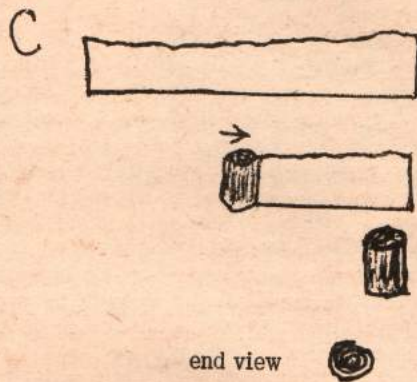
Note: The main advantage of this type of cigarette is its tightly-packed poomf.



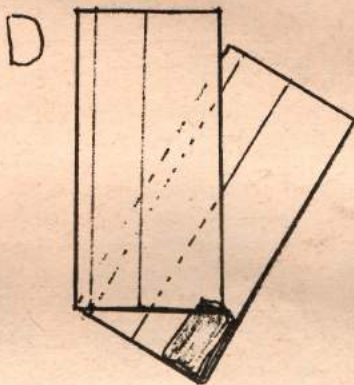
a) 2 cigarette papers
(CHANTICLEER recommended)



b) glue thusly



end view



d) place filter in position



e) roll up and glue

c) tear off small end of matchfolder & roll into a 'filter'. (Professionals find the match-filter retains the vital juices, while simplifying the smoking process. Do not smoke filter.)



F

f) stuff real tight with yr favourite smoking mixture (chicken salad, cat fur, etc.) light, and serve: poomf!

Stock is quickly building, and Rohan takes orders. In the last 2 weeks we have picked up Blonde on Blonde, 3 Grateful Dead albums, a Joan Baez, a Judy Collins, a hard-to-find Byrds album, two excellent movie scores, a collection of Vancouver poetry (the 1st See/Hear), a Mozart selection and Alice's Restaurant.

All were second-hand, but in good shape. Prices ranged from 20¢ to \$2.50, most centering around \$1.00. We are now confirmed Rohan fans.

Take in your unwanted albums and trade or sell them. Or bring a couple of bucks and check out the shelves. Hours are 12-9 pm every day except Sunday, when they're 3-9 pm.

WANTED: ONE DANCEHALL

A couple of months back, some local yuppies met with a promoter, a backer, and other interested people to discuss the possibilities of establishing in our fair city a dancehall. It was to be a Family Dog type of affair, with no profit being made, much volunteer work and real cheap admission. Ideally, it would have evolved into a freek community centre, with offices for various projects like the Cool-Aid food co-op, a women's caucus day

care centre, etc.

Within the roomful of people, there was a collective wealth of promotional and advertising experience, many contacts for everything from free publicity to out of town name bands. One of the yuppies even had bookkeeper and chef experience! Also available was \$3,500.

What happened? Well, months of searching has produced not a single building that could serve as a dancehall. Zoning regulations, parking requirements, long term high-risk leases, city hall regulations, the Kits Rate-payers (Harold Kidd's hippy-hater club) - all these have made the search even harder. And the old reliable Pender Auditorium has remodeled and is raising its rates.

Can you help get this much-needed project out of our dreams into reality? Keep a lookout for a possible hall - offices are not necessary, as we have to take what's available. It should be fairly sizeable and in a reasonably good location. If while wandering, you chance upon something, please phone 733-6389 and ask for Herb, or Steve or Eileen or Janie. Or leave a message for me at the Straight. Thanx!

thought: in the city you never get any answers, so you stop asking.

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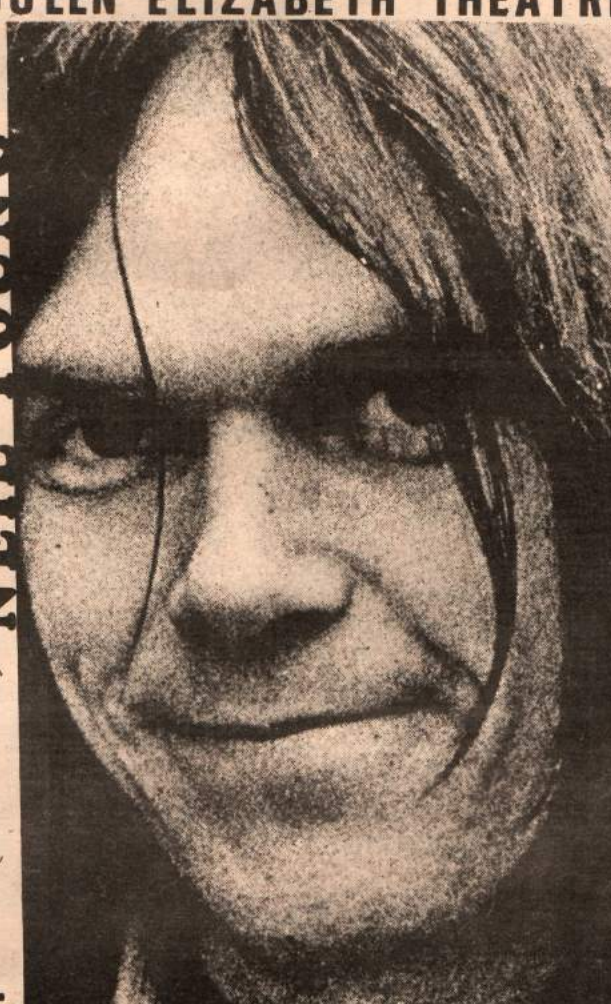
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SEATTLE SEVEN CONSPIRACY MIS-TRIAL

BY PETER BURTON

Everyone remembers the Chicago Conspiracy Trial which featured the gagging and chaining of Bobby Seale and the antics of Judge Hoffman.

But few people know about the Seattle Conspiracy Trial, yet it is extremely important for the future of the American movement.

About ten days before the end of the Chicago trial some people in Boston decided to talk to people across the U.S. about having demonstrations against the trial around the country, scheduling them for the day after. (TDA) to "stop the courts."

In Seattle, the Seattle Liberation Front (SLF) began to organize for TDA, Feb. 17, 1970.

The SLF had begun with four collectives of 15 to 20 people in the winter of 1969. They were organizing around the war, and other issues in high schools and poor communities.

On TDA about 3000 people rallied outside the Seattle Federal Court but their representatives were not allowed to speak with judges and officials.

Then the Tactical Squad, which had been hidden out of sight in a near-by library moved. This precipitated violence which resulted in over eighty arrests, some broken windows and splashed paint in the courthouse.

But the Seattle demonstration was the first in the U.S. and aided in building the TDA actions in dozens of other cities.

Of the original eighty arrested only a few were convicted, with the majority having their charges dropped or dismissed.

And the SLF continued to grow in size and was doing effective organizing in a number of areas, on a low key basis but with a high revolutionary content. The main focuses of the various collectives were to work with the unemployed and high school students as well as setting up day care centres, free stores, a Woman's Centre, a clinic for heroin addicts - in effect the services that the status quo won't provide.

It was because the SLF was doing effective organizing around these issues as well as proposing a referendum which, if successful, would revolutionize the tax structure of Washington State, that the government moved.

On April 16, 1970, a Federal Grand Jury indicted eight leaders of the SLF on the very charge that they had been protesting on TDA. None of the eight had been arrested then and one of them didn't move to Seattle from the East until after TDA.

The eight are Chip Marshall, Jeffrey Dowd, Joseph Kelly, Michael Abeles, Professor Michael Lerner, Susan Stern, Michael Justensen, and Roger Lippman. Justensen, the only Weatherman in the group, went underground



Spectator is dragged away in disturbance outside Tacoma conspiracy trial.

after the indictment. The remaining people are known as the Seattle Seven.

The first five were charged under the 'Rap Brown Law' with crossing state lines to incite a riot. Four of the five had travelled to Seattle from New York in December and it was claimed that the 'conspiracy' began then though no one conceived of it until ten days before TDA. Lerner's charge results from a telephone conversation he had with Rennie Davis, one of the Chicago defendants, about the political significance of the Chicago Trial. That was a week before TDA.

All eight are charged with 'conspiracy to damage federal property (the courthouse). But of the eighteen acts listed, fifteen involve rights of free speech and assembly clearly protected under the U.S. constitution.

That the charges are clearly crap is borne out by the fact that the prosecutor, local U.S. Attorney Stan Pitkin, objected so strongly that U.S. Attorney-General Mitchell had to send out his own man from Washington, D.C., to get the indictments and assist in the prosecution.

Why, then did the Federal authorities push so hard? Probably for the reason that, though they can kill blacks and have little public uproar, they still have to worry about public reaction to the killing of young white kids.

And the best way to stop white radicals if you are afraid to kill them is to charge them with bullshit offenses, and then jail them for long periods on contempt charges,

as in Chicago. This procedure uses up time, energy and money, and takes the focus of activities away from the areas strong radical groups like the SLF want to organize around.

The second effect is to create martyrs by attacking a few who represent a life style and are active. This tends to centralize leadership and impede the development of leadership abilities in others.

The judge shifted the location of the trial from Seattle to smaller, more conservative Tacoma and the trial began this month.

During the jury selection there were several fights between spectators and marshalls even though Judge Boldt, an old conservative, had promised to keep order.

Then testimony began, with the now familiar run of superficial information and lies from the police and their informers. Suddenly, on Thursday, Dec. 10, the judge declared a mistrial, and cited the defendants for contempt when they refused to enter the courtroom on his bidding.

On Monday, the defendants tore up their contempt citations and were dragged forcibly from the courtroom, along with their chief lawyer, Mike Tigar. They were given another citation for contempt.

When the contempt sentences were read on Tuesday there was further fighting in the court with some spectators being forcibly evicted. Each of the defendants was given six month terms.

Boldt, the judge, said that he felt "divine providence may have given this court, and others, guidance to an effective solution of disruptive trials." Contempt sentences are certainly effective from the U.S. government's point of view, whatever god has to say about it.

The precedent set in Chicago has been brought down to a local level. The govt. trumps up some charges and makes a fair trial impossible. Then when the defendants protest they are sentenced to prison terms for contempt. And they still have to face the phony charges.

The left in Seattle seems to have been fairly fragmented over the trial. Two of the defendants are conducting their own defense and all six of the male defendants have been accused of having an elitist, sexist ethic by the radical women of the area.

As the trial will cost them more than \$50,000 the defence could use some help. Their address is: S.L.F., P.O. Box 1984, Seattle, Washington, 98115.

Canadians are going to see the same kind of tactic used by the Federal Government and its agent, the Quebec government, when the seditious conspiracy trials begin in Montreal on Feb. 15. There the government will be attempting to remove active people in the Quebec struggle by leaving them no choice other than contempt sentences if they demand their rights.

Support money can be sent to: Mouvement de Defense des Prisonniers Politiques du Quebec, c/o Serge Mon-geau, 5285 Aurele, St. Hubert, Quebec.

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INTRODUCTION

Before they were surrounded by Quebec police, before a high-speed drive flanked by police escort to Montreal island, before James Cross was exchanged for a flight to Cuba. Before all these events the kidnapers of Cross, the liberation cell of the FLQ, got together and made a tape recording for public consumption.

But only a small section of the public got to see the tape. A TRANSCRIPT WAS PRINTED IN ONE Quebec paper, and our correspondent, Diogene, sent us a copy.

We reprint half of it here, and half next week. Although the kidnapers identify themselves only as A, B, C, and F, Diogene tells us that he is pretty certain that A is Jacques Lanctot, B is Marc Charbonneau and F is Mme. Cossette-Trudel, Lanctot's sister.

The first part of the tape talks about B's radicalization through driving taxi in Montreal. It also talks about power in Quebec, why the FLQ came about and why they think it is necessary.

Next week's section deals with similarities between the FLQ and the revolutionaries in Algeria. They also make predictions about what will happen in Quebec.

(tape recording from the French)

A All through the recording, you understand that the imprecisions, the generalities, the summarized explanations, should be attributed to the necessity for security which binds us; also to the lack of preparation as we are so busy; finally to the obvious impossibility for us to maintain direct contact with you, which must surely, eventually, be remedied.

B For me, what led me to this, my joining the Front, then to undertaking action — the direct means of changing the government and its institutions — was a sort of progressive discovery which came about especially during the last two years when I started driving a taxi.

I think, like all Quebecois, like all Montrealers who have lived in the East End and who haven't seen too far afield, that when one begins to make a living, one discovers a world which one did not know before.

I began to drive a taxi. It was a totally new world which I discovered. I discovered unknown places. I discovered the town of Mount Royal, I discovered Hampstead, these little-known suburbs for the rich. I discovered people, people I never suspected even existed, who I began to rub elbows with: "big bosses", financiers, judges, that we drove around every day in our taxis... We saw how they live. We saw where they "stayed"... all of this sure opened my eyes. It was a total discovery, a brutal discovery.

At the same time, I discovered solidarity, which is to say that we taxi drivers got together and talked over all of this, perceiving ourselves in the same boat, having the same problems and driving the same fares... we were the scum, mud, nothings...

One "Englishman" who I picked up, who threw a thirty-cent tip on the ground, had done the same for other drivers. For him, we were just servants, valets. This was a brutal awakening.

Little by little, we became aware of our capabilities, which is to say that by banding together, we found a way of "getting it together"... to change our situations, to better our working conditions. Thus we attempted, little by little, by legal means, by demonstrations, by making peaceful demands... to change, to better our working conditions... but it didn't work.

Then, finally, there were some fairly violent confrontations. There were some riots at Dorval. Then there was last year's riot outside the garages of Murray Hill, on October 7, when a cop was killed as a demonstrator, by mercenaries, by Murray Hill supporters, by (... sound fades...). All this contributed to forcing us despite ourselves into a violent escalation. We saw it as the only way to make the authorities do something.

A I don't see how you were able to change from a group of taxi drivers doing what you have described... into the F.L.Q. using the means which you used.

You know how you got there... but I don't see how demonstrations themselves lead directly to the F.L.Q.

B Well you know all the rest, it was just for a small group, it was just for taxi drivers... but there were lots of other problems to handle. We went to demonstrate lots of times to support others like ourselves; bus drivers, Chambly Transport, the guys in the Liquor Control Board, the guys at Lord who had been on strike for a long time.

It was just a progressive discovery which was happening. Then we did it as a group, together, fifteen, twenty, thirty, fifty regular taxi drivers who took part in these demonstrations, in these assemblies... in politicization.

Then we noticed that the legal roads open to us... to legally organize to contest the system, were not strong enough. So we wanted to organize, as the police were going about and slashing our tires... so we declare that we had had enough, from October 7 on. It became harder and harder to resist legally, to give our ideas legal status.

Then, despite, ourselves, we had to drop all of that, saying: "We can no longer resist like beforehand with great intentions saying 'We'll do it with as little violence as possible'... because the government was listening, spying, because it had to stop; we could not go on demonstrating like this. Besides, it's not just the taxis that need to be liberated... there are lots of other sectors of society that need liberation... it's everyone!"

A Well, O.K., you have been a taxi driver, but before, didn't you have another trade? What helped you, let's say, to arrive at all this?

B Yes, there are a lot of other things which led me there but it's above all the taxi drivers.

I tried to get back to school. But studying completely disgusted me. The CEGEP milieu (colleges for general and professional education — ed.) was so new at the time. I wasn't able to work, to succeed in this atmosphere. To be a taxi driver was the sphere which seemed the best... the sphere where I was the most in contact with reality in Montreal... with reality in Quebec... where I hung in the most every day.

The fares that I picked up, 60% of the time were

Anglophones, the powerful rich for whom I was nothing, for whom one was less than nothing. He felt so comfortable, he sensed that you were so less than nothing that he could tell you anything... in all his magnificence in the back seat. He KNEW you were nothing... you were not there, you didn't exist. You just drove your car.

While visiting all these areas, leaving the East to see the other part of Montreal — the other part, a really closed-off city — where you are almost forbidden to take a stroll because the police hassle you, like in Westmount.

A Well, all this leads us to think about this feeling of togetherness... the political feeling of togetherness in Quebec. We noticed that it went beyond personal experiences. It really hinged on an economic structure, on a political structure which oppresses people every day... but subtly, hypocritically.

So we really need to talk about this structure more than about the experience we've discussed up until now. Like the economic empire of the Power Corporation. I think this is something we need to talk about. Power Corporation is an administrative monopoly consisting of the companies which control — I think it's four billion of the total in Quebec — it controls the information, the main level... of Quebec life.

LA PRESSE, the largest French-language daily in America, is controlled by Power Corporation. Power controls finance companies like Royal Trust... wood companies... lots of factors of Quebec life... lots, lots.

Well, what's important, what is really startling, is to realize that the people in Power Corporation are also in power in Quebec... in Ottawa... through the Liberal government of Jean Lesage, who was prime minister of Quebec until 1966... who is now at the head of several companies which belong to Power Corporation. Chief of Police Gilbert... the chief of police of Montreal, is now in the administration office of several Power Corporation companies... Well, that's just two examples, but I think that I could repeat several other examples.

What's really happening is that the political decisions are made by Power Corporation and are executed by valets in Quebec City... via Ottawa. Thus, the problem is this: the decision-making power, the power over economic life, over political and social life... over all life in Quebec... is completely, totally over the heads of the individuals... the Quebecois people.

We saw it in Bill 63 (entrenched English language privilege in schools — ed.)... I think Bill 63 was an anti-French enactment... something horrible. And thus when it came up for reading in Parliament, almost the whole population of Quebec took to the streets... and despite this, the Union National people passed it. It's because the decision does not rest in the hands of the people. There was an economic necessity working behind this accursed bill. It had to pass. I think I could enumerate lots of things — lots of things...

B... then during the last elections, it was the same, on April 29th.

When you look at all the real political powers, and the terrorism which all the companies used to try and frighten the Quebec people again...

You've heard of the massive investments transfers out of Quebec. They made a big Brink's haul... the securities were removed from Quebec just before the last elections...

F Alcan, too, which own a whole town: Arvida... told its employees that if ever Quebec became independent

it would move to Ontario. And because of this, the workers, to save their livings, were forced, more or less, to vote Liberal. It's things like this that...

C The Brinks transfer needs to be explained, I think. We saw a photo of nine Brink's trucks. Armoured cars to transport stocks and money... nine Brink's cars, supposedly full of Royal Trust securities, crossed the border from Quebec into Ontario... all this, just before the elections... Because the Parti Quebecois seemed strong in several counties. This had a terrorist effect upon the population... which had concrete results.

Then other "English" companies, like Lafferty and Harwood, which sent letters to their clients... declaring the immediate transfer of their securities to Ontario... that Quebec was no longer prosperous... that it was in troubled waters... that it was no longer smart to invest in Quebec.

It's obvious that these companies have no cares for the nation... that they care absolutely nothing for the people of Quebec. For these people, Quebec is simply the land, the land where they can get wood... get minerals... where there is "cheap labour"... and if things get worse, they're all ready to leave. They have no nationalist interest amongst them. Whether we be Chinese or Greek or Quebecois for them, makes no difference. What they really care about is that we consume, that we work for almost nothing.

A What I think is important in all this, at least as far as I'm concerned, is to see how these damn companies, which are sucking the blood of Quebec every day... how these companies could set up, in only one month, a supposedly democratic network to hide their daily thefts... their institutionalized thefts. I'm talking about governments, the three levels of government with Drap-

eau in the municipal, Boubou le Serin (Bourassa) at Quebec and Trudeau in Ottawa.

That's the real problem. The Quebecois, in the elections last April 29, I don't think really had the chance to grapple with, to hold on to their problem... they have been "screwed" in the elections ritual — this supposed democracy — for a long time. They didn't really realize what they were doing. In electing a Liberal or Union Nationale government, they elected a slate of men whose principal job would be to go and sell us on the New York market... surely to the highest bidders... and then hide from the Quebecois people the fact that we are for sale every day... in the factories... the factory workers, no matter... what finally you get as a salary... you still have to work for those damn companies.

F:... don't forget to mention also that over 80% of the hunting and fishing land of Quebec is in the hands of Americans in Private Clubs, and, let's say, for example, that there are a large number of Quebecois on the North Shore, for example... even if they work in the mines or the lumber industry, who absolutely have to hunt and fish to survive... and have no rights at all to do so...

A Take the case of David Molson... who owns the Molson Breweries... who gets the Quebecois drunk every payday so they can forget their troubles and cares...

He has a hunting and fishing club, a private club at Godbout, a town where the people really like to hit the woods and to have a moose and things like that to eat during the winter... because it's cheaper.

But the river which starts at Godbout and which carries 60 miles up into the woods, belongs completely to Mr. Molson... and no-one else is allowed to go there, except Mr. Molson and his guests. In fact, what happens, the people of Godbout are allowed to go fishing in the first few of the sixty miles one week a year, at the time when the salmon has passed up-

Le suspense de 60

CROSS A PI

(CROSS LO

Alors que tout semblait indiquer
maître en le diplomate britannique
James Richard Cross pourrait être
maître pour la Grande-Bretagne, le
médecin de l'hôpital Jewish General
poursuivait leurs examens gé-
néralistes, sans avoir jamais à l'esprit

Le leader
québécois
qui a l'air

I had
hypertension

high blood
pressure
I was
overweight

My doctor
tells me
that this
cure will
save my life

CROSS BEFORE...

CRO

art: DUPRAS
from QUEBEC-PRESSE

stream to spawn. Thus what has been given, in fact, is crumbs. This is a typical example!

There is another example on Anticosti Island which now belongs to C.I.P. (Canadian International Paper) where the inhabitants of the island are forbidden from hunting on the island on which they live. Last year, a father killed a moose to be able to feed his family... and the company took action against him. He ended up in jail with a six month prison sentence.

In these examples, this involves a sector of Quebec life... and I think about it. It involves many people in the Quebec scene. It's not really for pleasure that the people want to hunt, but to have a second source of food.

Also, the heartbreak which struck Cabano, which is owned by Irving Oil, a New Brunswick Company. They promised a pulp mill.

Meanwhile, they got permission to raze the forests, to steal the wood, then to have it cut by the inhabitants of Cabano. The guys in Cabano cut the wood... then, right away, noticed that the company which promised a pulp mill - to treat the wood right there - had not kept its promise.

It's a few years since it made this promise... then it was no longer interested in constructing the pulp mill... the people saw that the company was casting them aside. The Company said: "We're going to move"... then the men stopped cutting wood... because they wanted at least this dignity, despite going a bit hungrier, and having less money in their pockets... they already had not too much... they preferred to stop the cutting of the wood, to get them out of Quebec, out of Cabano... they preferred to get the company out of Quebec, to have less soup in their bowls... than to keep it up... to be screwed by a guy like Irving... they preferred that. This is just one example of the dignity that the people want to have...

S CROSS - an interview

that people are searching out in themselves more and more in Quebec.

A Really, what is dramatic, in this vein, is that all these things which have happened uplift more and more the awareness of the citizens, the Quebecois... they are organizing more and more. But we must remember, above all, that it's a group like the Parti Quebecois... for me, at least... which can channel what is happening right now in Quebec society. It's pretty interesting to see how the fighting spirit of the Quebecois is suddenly reviving and organizing... It's overstepping the bounds of the electoral system... it's falling to the hands of the citizens committees... to the regrouping of committees of citizens... to the somewhat more radical organizations leading up to the F.L.Q., in fact.

This is why, let's say, that this is in a way the F.L.Q.'s role. I myself place the "Front" a bit ahead of all these movements... I wouldn't like to say that it directs them... nothing like that... but it's a logical progression. And if you see how things are going in these other organizations, on all different levels of Quebec life and in different parts of the province, you also see that people are quietly leading up to a solution which we others have seen for quite some time.

This is why the government has reacted a bit along the same lines... because I believe the government sees the problem in the same way. It sees that it could never by its very nature solve the problems that the people thrust in its face every day... the government sees that for some time the economic and democratic reign of terror has brought it about... that the citizens are starting to understand that they must organize and it's not the Parti Quebecois, the Liberals, the Creditistes or the Union Nationale on whom they can count, but on their own actions, their own organization.

And it's fantastic to see... there are some potent examples... in the Gaspé, the U.C.C. had a framework to organize the forestry industry... the main principle of which was to unite the cutting and processing as

co-operative regional enterprises... Then the government stepped in a while ago... and said no.

Thus, the work that these people did for five years, trying to construct an intrinsic economic system, was drained away by the government itself, because this did not serve the financial interests of C.I.P. ... and other such big companies.

F Really, what's happening in Quebec, which hasn't helped us at all, is that all the newspapers in North America immediately accused us of wanting to meet violence with violence or activism with activism. They excuse Brazil, Africa, the Palestinians, all of South America, but not here, because we're a part of North America... because the United States represents North America... Right now they're surrounding all of Quebec with the myth that in Quebec, too, we're living in opulence.

C Exactly! In the NEW OBSERVER I read, in the special issue on Quebec... I think it was the editor-in-chief of the New Observer, who understood the Quebec problem...

B Like a good priest understands it...

C He understood that humiliated people could fight back even to include means like... to include violence.

A I think that some statements, some testimonies in particular, were able to find thousands of other examples... like those that we've given since the beginning... that yes, it's a question of humiliation, but this has social implications... and there are plenty of people who are presently unemployed... what is even more dramatic, is that the unemployed are almost all youths... in a very large proportion.

The movement, the Front, didn't take long to adopt

its ways of working. Let's say that, since 1963, there have been costs to guys who have gone around planting bombs here and there in Quebec... who were finally captured because of a lack of secrecy, of a lack of organization. There were some slips... The movement, beforehand, was much less "secure" because it was foremost a movement of revolt... at the beginnings of nationalism. Over the years, it has undergone an evolution. But the more this happened, the more who got caught.

B Then we learned also that we had to stop being suspicious, that is, guys distinguishable from others by their hair, their beards, by their manners, their styles of dress or places where we appeared.

We realized that, to be truly hidden, we had to stop being different from others, from being strange, we had to be like everyone else... like fish in water, passing imperceptibly... which means we could be at the same time the most terrifying of revolutionaries while seeming like other people, having the same problems, living in the same way, dressing the same way, doing the same things as everyone else. It's really important.

Before the police could easily "snap up" revolutionaries because they knew that the first revolutionaries are always the strange people... people distinguishable from others by their beards, their clothing styles, who stick together.

A The mistakes led to the arrest of numerous political prisoners and we noticed finally, at the start of this year, that many were still in prison, that many would perhaps be kept there for some time. In fact, the people who started the movement had left it... and these guys had the courage to work in fairly stable places. These guys had been found "within".

There was also a need, perhaps, to give the Front a facelift... to show that it was not simply people doing sporadic acts... We had perhaps to also show to the greater public that the F.L.Q. was an organization which took action from time to time, but that it was also an organization that was not about to disappear...

B... that it was capable of holding up under repression, even capable of reaching a victory... this is why we began Operation Liberation... the Liberation Operation which would carry through on the liberation of political prisoners, and the publication of the Front's manifesto. Also, beyond the publication of the manifesto and the liberation of the political prisoners, we wanted unconditional rehiring of the workers of Lapalme on their own terms.

Thus, for several months, the Front prepared for this operation. There were one or two possibilities which fell through. A few were abandoned, and finally, on October 5, the operation really started on the actual kidnapping. It took us several months of preparation, of financial and security arrangement... Everything was set, and on October 5, we took our actions...

A Let's mention that we took action on October 5, but that we decided beforehand the victim, as it is called, of our kidnapping. But we must say especially that beforehand, we hesitated between kidnapping the United States Consul and the Trade Commissioner of Great Britain. Thus, we chose the British Commissioner... for several reasons. We can give a few of them.

Let's say that we believed that the problem was Quebec's, thus, right now, Canadian... let's say the force of impact of kidnapping a Briton would be stronger... and understood first by the government, and, especially, second, by the people. We thus hoped that the kidnapping of a British diplomat would crystallize the positions of the two communities which exist in Montreal, that is to say the French and English-Canadians.

We hoped that the English would give up once and for all their game... which the great daily racists, like the Star, and the Gazette, would play up as a money-maker... and that the French-Canadians would themselves understand... and would finally see the Power under this facade.

Thus, in this respect, let's say that I think that the operation completely succeeded. If you are aware, a bit, of the news in these papers, of the opinion of French-Canadians and English-Canadians, I think that the operation, for its part, is a complete success now.

A The same morning... it would help to tell you what happened...

B The same morning... let's say that for many, it was a baptism in fire, at least for this kind of action... we had, each of us in our group, at least the four who participated in the actual kidnapping... our baptism in fire. Because everything went smoothly.

Three of us went into the house to get M. Cross. At first we were pretty nervous. We went in with a parcel, a gift parcel... we took him while he was still in bed. We pulled him out, dressed him... then we left the house, we carried him off, we hustled him into a car... a car which the police never found...

A Which they will never find...

B It was a victory for us... to have succeeded in covering our tracks up to this point... then we took M. Cross to his place of detention... where he is still detained after six weeks.

A Besides, what's really funny in all this is that we made an error, just one error. Some will say that it's serious... no-one put on his mask, as we had planned to do.

B... each of us had his mask in his pocket, but, in the nervous excitement, no-one thought to put on his mask and hide his face.

A We have to add that it was well done.

B On the contrary, we were still changed with make-up.

A Even well enough to fool Drapeau's gestapo. Tell us all what you did when you got to the house...

C Well, I was nervous. I looked. It was a fine house. I put on my gloves so as not to leave fingerprints... Then I loaded my shotgun... the others went upstairs. Meanwhile, I looked the house over. I looked for the back door... I looked for any people... no-one on that floor... Once there, I could admire the house... huge carpets almost two inches thick... pictures... it was luxurious. Never had I seen such things in all my life.

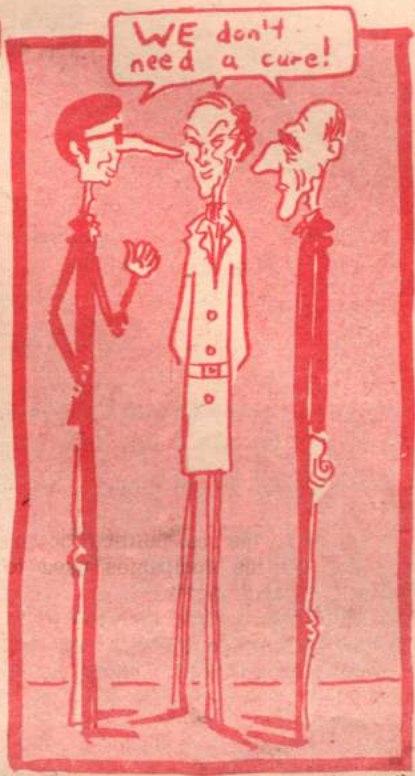
B How much money would it cost, to do such an operation?

C Oh, I don't know... I would calculate two, three thousand bucks, but... it depends... we presumed that the government was...

B... that the government's decision would make us wait less time than in fact we did have to wait. Because for six weeks, now, the government has continually refused to negotiate trade of M. Cross's life for the liberation of political prisoners, captive patriots. But let's say that at a minimum, at the very least, it would take at least two or three thousand dollars or more if you really wanted to do the thing... that is to be able to last two, three, four, five months if necessary to deal with the government.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

jours a pris fin à 1h55
ERDU 22 LIVRES
ST 22 POUNDS)





THE CALLOW AND DOUR HEART... An Xmas Bumner for the Kiddies by

ENGLEDINK DICKENS

A GHOUL VISITS SCROOGE

All covered with snow are the citadels and towers wherein are housed the corridors whose labyrinth paths lead like some inexplicable electrical circuit to the chambers, the offices, and ultimately to the Great Hall where the reins that bridle our vigorous land are held and given instruction by those horsemen who resolve the issues of guidance with Lady Democracy's most treasured features: Argumentation, Debate and Profound Discussion. Covered with snow and quiet too covers the innards of these noble bastions where talk is the bud and reasoned action the blossom which flowers throughout the four seasons bringing benefit and profit to all the corners and crannies of our vast and happy land.

We need not search through libraries nor beseech the Almighty to gain understanding of this curious solitude spread over our nation's capital; Christmas does — though there are doubters, I am sure — Christmas does come to Ottawa. And clarity comes to what a moment past was curious: Members of Parliament are home at Inuvik (Merry Xmas, Fern!) and Victoria, at Toronto (Best of the season Alan, Mary, Tom and Ted) and Halifax to pass the festive season with families and constituents; secretaries and deputy secretaries have fled the grey walls of government to be with their wives and children where the glow of good cheer brings always a special buoyancy to the dying days of the year; bureaucrats and Chiefs-of Staff alike are nestled in their warm homes, heartily imbibing the spirit that Christmas engenders.

No, there is nothing curious in Ottawa, just as there is nothing curious with holly and mistletoe Edmonton or the twinkling lights of Montreal (happy holidays, George and Angela!) or the rainswept but also carol swept streets of Vancouver. Christmas has come — as it has to Ottawa — to all of Canada.

O, WHAT A LOT OF CRAP ENGLEDINK!

Sore it hurts my heart to admit it, but there is some foundation in that charge. For resident at this very moment in our nation's capital is a single blemish which mars this pretty portrait I have endeavored to paint.

As we observe this blemish drawing his Christmas Eve address to a close on national television we also observe a man whose heart is as cold as any Arctic wind careering across our northern tundra; whose arrogance can be no more closely likened than to the hungry gleam of a timber wolf hidden in patient seclusion prepared to strike and rend asunder with his vicious teeth the first innocent and helpless doe that should stray by; a man whose scorn and cunning has charged the trusting hearts of Canadians with fear and disunity.

Would that the Empire remained strong and firm that we might appeal to Buckingham Palace and all the powers of that place to bring us some respite from the guile and venom of this man who, by plot and device, has insinuated himself into the highest office of our dominion! No friend of good and good-hearted Canadians is Ebenezer Elliot Scrooge!

Let us attend to the final remarks of his television address to see if we can ken the reason why:

“...of course I am aware that a number of Canadians believe in Christmas and if Canadians wish to behave in such a way I suppose I can have no objection. However, I would be very disappointed if I were to learn that Canadians wanted to carry out these practices indefinitely. ...ah...if I were to receive such information that led me to believe that this was the case, then I suppose I would have to instruct Parliament to introduce legislation to control the problem.”

“Thank you for listening. Good night.”

Such is the icy blade of Ebenezer Elliot Scrooge who can slit open the mantle-hung stockings of children, who can transform the hearty festivity of beer and punch into a wake, who can ensadden the happy wife busily preparing — with Silent Night on her lips — the turkey for Christmas Day. No howling wind sweeping across the prairies from Alberta to Manitoba can chill hearts as can the mean and spiritless words of Ebenezer Elliot Scrooge.

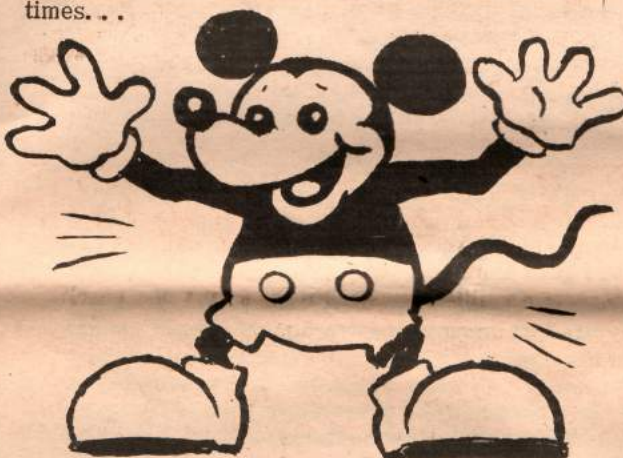
O ENGLEDINK, IS CHRISTMAS IN CANADA DOOMED?

Hearken on to my words, for there is a tale to tell. This Christmas Eve, as with most Christmas Eves, snow, pure and light, falls on the roofs of Canadian homes. It is one of those appealing and unexpected graces that makes more attractive this often cold and barren soil we live on. The tiny flakes descending so gently from the sky further excite the dreams of children who love the lore of the festive season; the steady fall of white by window side enriches the spirit of their parents who happily prepare gifts and food for the joyous day

to follow.

And so it should come as no surprise to anyone that pure white snow falls thickly before the lights of a long black limosine driving south along the Ottawa Valley. Bleak and deserted except for this one car, the valley is spectral in its whiteness; spectral as if it wished to reassert its reputation as the domain of ghosts, ghouls and other sundry spirits of the dead for which it had had chief reknown among the Indians of the region prior to the arrival of the white man. But civilization had changed all that — the ghosts had been de-ghosted; the ghouls cleansed; the sundry other spirits of the dead clearly assessed their imminent demise and promptly retired to other parts of the nation. The Indians, of course, were placed on reservations and have been kept quiet ever since.

But the earth can never have its tales removed and has ways of objecting to civilization as it will demonstrate from time to time. And this night was to be one of those times...



BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT BLACK LIMOSINE?

With a cackle Ebenezer Scrooge lifted the intercom and said to his chauffeur: “Jacques, what kind of progress are we making?”

“We are losing a lot of time M. Scrooge,” Jacques replies. “The road is quite slippery.”

“If we lose too much time, Jacques, you’ll miss seeing you children’s happy faces tomorrow morning — is that not correct?” Scrooge delivers these words without a trace of sympathy or warmth.

“Oui, M. Scrooge. My little Etienne and Timothe mean very much to me. It is one of a parent’s greatest joys to be with his children on Christmas Day.”

“Then I suppose,” (O cruel and foul Scrooge!) “you’ll manage to get us to Montreal sometime before dawn, eh, Jacques?”

His voice trembling, Jacques answers that he will do his best, “Make sure that you do. In the meantime, I will have a nap.” Ebenezer Elliot Scrooge replaces the intercom with a contemptuous motion. In the dimmed light of his compartment the air is filled with a frosty and keen-edged sound which at first resembles the metal on metal screech of a powerfully locomoted train that must stop in a hurry. However no train in existence could ever articulate words as cruel and as heartless as did Scrooge in that moment: “CHRISTMAS! BAH! HORSEPOOP!”

Satisfied with his odium Scrooge lay back to take his nap. No pangs of conscience troubled him; no flicker of reconsideration enkindled his barren heart; nay, no spirit of atonement moved his chilly soul. Nay indeed, Scrooge fell off to sleep in less time than a twitch of guilt could have touched his bitter being.



Scrooge awoke with a start. In the same instant he became aware that he was no longer alone in his compartment. On the other side of the wide seat there was a dark figure calmly watching the snow pass by. But little did that matter to Scrooge as he thought: “What is that damn fool Jacques doing picking up hitchhikers!” His hand moved swiftly to the intercom but it was arrested just as quickly by: “So you’re awake are you Ebenezer?”

“Wha- who are you? What are you doing in my car? Get out at once!” Scrooge retorted.

“Have you forgotten me so soon, Ebenezer?” The shadow moved and as he did, there was heavy clink of chains.

“Wait. No, it cannot be... your voice...” Beginning at his toes and spreading to his legs, into his abdomen and coursing impetuously until it covered all parts of his anatomy, inner and outer, fear took possession of Scrooge. “...your voice is the same as Pierre Laporte’s!”

“Correct but for a minor point, Ebenezer: not the ‘same as’ but ‘is’...”

It was for no mean purpose that Fear had possessed Scrooge’s body; it had every right to do so and further entrenched did Fear become as those words were spoken. Pierre! I must be dreaming! Go away!

“I will eventually, Ebenezer. But first we must talk.”

“Talk? Talk? There is nothing to talk about! We have talked enough! You are free to leave.”

The chains rattled once again and Scrooge, in a funk, glanced in Jacques’ direction only to realize that his chauffeur was oblivious to the ghost of Pierre Laporte. His attention was firmly concentrated upon locating the highway in the heavy snowfall.

“Ebenezer,” said the shade, “we have made grave mistakes. Mine more grave than yours for I am gone from this world and can do no more. You remain and can.”

“Mistakes, Pierre? We have made no mistakes. Your death, though unfortunate, needs no apology.” Scrooge did not like criticism, even from a dead man.

“I have to correct you again, I’m afraid, Ebenezer. The people of Quebec gave me their trust and I betrayed them. As time went on I became more interested in protecting myself and my peers than working for the benefit of the people. At the time of my kidnapping I had abused the privilege they had given me.”

“Bah! Horsepoop! A bunch of punks and peasouper!”

“And you, Ebenezer,” continued the ghost, “have abused the privileges you have by asserting that the problems of Quebec can be solved by reprisal and imprisonment. I have come to tell you this Ebenezer and I have good authority, believe me. You must not ignore the desires of the people for if you do, in the end you will be ignored. And I don’t mean just here on earth.”

Scrooge scoffed. “Poppycock! Pierre you talk such rot!”

Suddenly the car lurched and the back end slipped around, heaving Scrooge across the seat. When he struck the other side Ebenezer Elliot Scrooge realized he hadn’t been cushioned at all by the figure of the shade.

“I am leaving you now, Ebenezer. Remember what I have said. Take heed.” There was a dull poof and the ghost vanished. The Ottawa Valley had spoken again but would civilization heed her words?

TUNE IN NEXT WEEK

No. No. No. It is Christmas Eve and there is more to tell.

Marooned! As surely as any barque of yore was cast upon uninhabited shores was Scrooge’s limosine thrown into a snowbank and irretrievably held there. Snow fell blissfully and quietly as the cantankerous and callow Scrooge ordered: “Jacques! Jacques! Get me out of here! Get me out of here!”

But the loyal Jacques had already assessed the matter answered sadly: “We are firmly stuck M. Scrooge. There is nothing to be done until someone comes by.”

RESCUE!

After some time, as if borne by the Genius of Mercy, a lantern appeared through the screen of falling snow. As it came nearer, Scrooge began to make out the figure holding it aloft. No ghost this time. Nor ghoul. A distinctly human form was bearing the meagre light.

“Allo, are you okay?” The voice was heavily accented.

Jacques got out of the car to meet the figure. Scrooge cringed when he saw that the man was a peasant — a Quebecois. “How did you know we were here?” Jacques asked.

'A ghost came and told me, I live down the road aways.' A chill more chill than his own frosty heart ran through Scrooge. He leapt from the car and asked: 'Was he wearing chains?'

'Oui' 'But aren't you afraid of ghosts?' 'Non, monsieur,' replied the tubby, robust-looking fellow. 'They never bother us. They wait for others. Anyway,' he said with a shrug, 'you're stuck here for the night. I see you're bigshots, but that does not matter. Come along and spend Christmas Eve with us and maybe in the morning help will come along.'

AND SO THE THREE TRUDGE THROUGH THE THICK SNOW TO ROBERT CRABEC'S HOME.

And so the three trudged along through the thick snow to Robert Crabec's home. As they did the appearance of Pierre Laporte's ghost crossed Scrooge's mind. But we must not allow that Scrooge is the sort of man who would entertain any longer than necessary the visitation he had experienced. For indeed he did not. Scrooge banished the memory from his mind and spent the remaining fifteen minutes hard march through the snow by entertaining his icy heart with the odious prospect of enduring the rough hospitality of Robert Crabec and his family.

LITTLE DID HE KNOW...

Robert Crabec threw open the portal of his snow-covered house and radiant light swept through the opening and cast itself against the flickering whiteness. Warmth and radiance enveloped Scrooge as he was led into what soon proved to be nothing more than a single room dwelling. And though the furnishings were meagre, no sense of deprivation could be discerned in the face of Aemilie Crabec who was dutifully attentive to a large bubbling pot on the wood stove; nor could sadness be found in the faces of the three Crabec children who were gaily decorating a small Christmas tree in a far corner of the room.

Scrooge scanned this happy scene and was about to pronounce: 'CHRISTMAS! BAH! HORSEPOOP!', but was stopped short by the jovial voice of Robert.

'Monsieurs, my family. This is Aemilie, my wife.' (Aemilie smiles and curtsies.) 'And this is Jean-Claude. (A fine lad of ten years.) And Serge. (And yet another fine youngster of eight years.) And this is our little girl, Fleur.'

And if Innocence has ever abounded in God's great dominion then surely it was Innocence that crossed the floor to greet Scrooge and his chauffeur. Large brown eyes free from guile or mischief placed between round and rosy cheeks; a smile sweeter than any Grecian melody touched her sweet lips; a nose that curved more subtly and harmoniously than any region of mathematics could

ever devise; hair that twinkled as if the very firmament had established province among its silken strands.

O child! O Fleur! Beware! Step not a step further! Do ye not know you approach the coldest and most scornful heart of all Canada. Apprehend your motion O Child of Light, for only darkness is Scrooge's domain! O Purity of Spirit restrain your dainty foot this one time for the man you near is well practised in tainting the intentions of the good-hearted!

But unheeded went these appeals and little Fleur stepped lightly across the earthen floor, her hand holding a tiny package, brightly wrapped.

IT IS A GIFT FOR SCROOGE

'Monsieur,' said the tender voice, 'monsieur, Bon Noell'

Scrooge peered down at the tiny creature and cringed. But Fleur did not see the mean and bleak movement of that evil man; rather, she continued: 'Monsieur, we are poor and have little but we all want you to have this gift.' She held out her tiny hand with the wafer-thin package.

Scrooge felt revulsion surge through his veins; he wanted to bolt these rude surroundings and leave his measly words as a gift (hah!) to them. But some curious force held him back from employing his bitter rancor. No, this would be too grossly criminal! Too absolutely crude!

Scrooge decided to take the gift, though he determined to rid himself of it at the first opportunity the following day. He stretched out his hand with a cold 'Thank you' on his bitter lips. But it was never delivered.

SCROOGE SEES HIS FATE

At precisely the same instant Scrooge put his fingers to the gayly wrapped gift his eyes met those of little Fleur's. As he gazed into their happy flicker Scrooge was rendered immobile. Slowly their natural brown transformed into an empyrean blue; a blue known only to those who have endured the rigors of mystical discipline; but also known to those who the Almighty has chosen to join him when their earthly days are done.

And again, through those innocent eyes, Scrooge saw Pierre Laporte. But this time he was bathed in light and a radiant glow enveloped him. No dark shade spoke this time. 'Ebenezer, we meet again.'

'What is that beautiful place you are in Pierre?' asked Scrooge.

'Heaven, Ebenezer, Heaven.' A choir of golden angels appeared behind Laporte.

'It is beautiful, Pierre,' then for the first time in many heart-hardened years, Scrooge sighed, 'but I suppose I shall never join you.'

'Accept the little girl's gift Ebenezer and hearken

it well. Then let God do his own work. Perhaps we may share another glass of wine yet.'

'O mercy!' cried Ebenezer, 'if such is God's Providence, I would submit. I have been lonely, you know.'

'Yes, I know. So was I,' Laporte paused. 'But now I must go, Ebenezer. Merry Christmas.'

'Merry Christmas Pierre!' Scrooge cried, new joy resuscitating his spirit, 'Merry Christmas!'

THE GIFT IS OPENED CHRISTMAS ABOUNDS

Scrooge blinked and looked again at little Fleur. Though rusty from ill humor he managed a smile for the little angel and stooped down to her size. 'Well, let us see what Santa has brought me.' Joy flooded through the long-empty canals.

His long fingers carefully untied the package and as he lifted the gift from its wrappings, tears tumbled to the verge of his eyes: it was a hockey card with a picture of Jean Beliveau printed on it.

Scrooge laughed a kind, hearty laugh (O the human plumbing, so long unused!) 'So my little petite, you are a fan of Jean Beliveau!'

'Oh, oui, monsieur! We all are.' She smiled and giggled, 'One day we are all going to go up to Montreal and see Ti-Jean play.'

And finally the Spirit of Christmas flashed through Scrooge's heart: 'Well, my sweet, how would you and your brothers and your mother and father like to come up to Montreal with me tomorrow. And then, with a twinkle in his eye, 'on Boxing Day we'll all go and watch les Canadiens play hockey. And after the game I'll introduce you all to Big Jean!'

Such joy and cheer filled the humble home that the very walls nearly crumbled with the added strain.

But then Jean-Claude asked: 'Monsieur, but how will we get tickets. They will all be gone.' For a moment a smidgeon of sadness touched the hearts of the Crabecs.

But Scrooge blew it away as easily as a summer breeze disposes of a fluff of dandelion. 'Do not fret my friends. I have a lot of power around the country.' He sighed again. 'I have used it so badly in the past. But now I will use it only to do good!' And then Scrooge cocked his head and cried, 'Crabec, I see a fiddle on the wall! Let us have music and song! It is Christmas and we must have joy!'

And there was music and song. And there was even dancing. And if it must be known, Ebenezer Elliot Scrooge danced through most of the night and his constant escort in those happy reels was none other than little Fleur.

ENGLEBELLS XMASHUMPER

Merry Christmas.

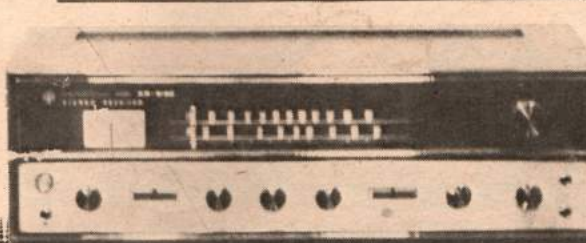
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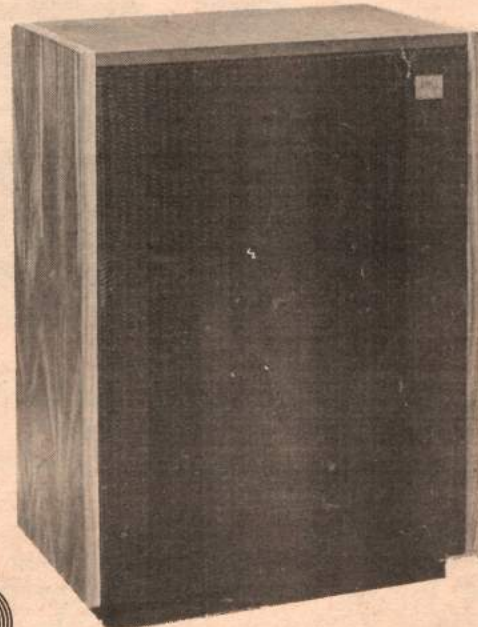
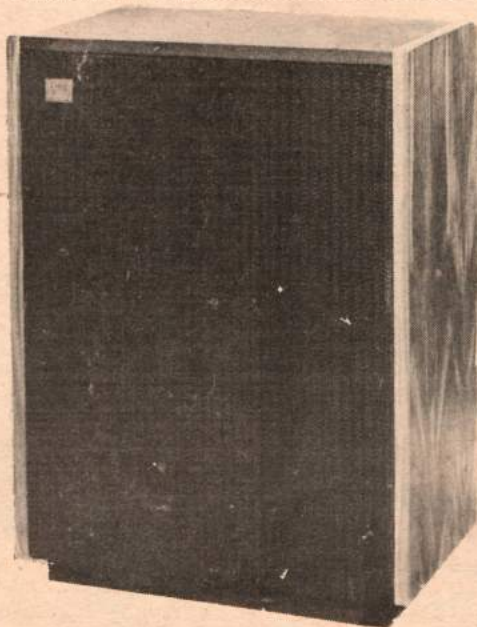
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SPECTACULAR COMMODITY — ECONOMY SHOP-IN AT the Bay EATIN'S



LEARN-IN -- TURN-ON

Orientation--6:29p.m. Main Floor Bay

Toyland--7:00p.m.--Santa

Workshops--till 8:00p.m. then on
to Eaton's

ALL POWER TO THE IMAGINATION!!

WED. DEC. 23, 6:29 at the Bay

"I think they ought to shoot them book-burnin' bums down in the streets for all that protestin'," states member of Silent Majority, pictured above. "Either that or ship 'em to Cambodia where they can stand proud."



at Eaton's
Christmas is for People

...so all power to da
peepul... Yippee

The SPECTACULAR COMMODITY ECONOMY shop-in learn-in turn-on announced in last week's Straight is progressing swiftly as the happy day approaches. Hudson's Bay where the people's Christmas experiment will commence at 6:30 Wednesday, Dec. 23 is freaking out on schedule — extra security will be on hand to babysit the temperamental masses.

Eaton's is also expected to increase its security considerably.

"This just shows that the Bay and Eaton's are concerned with the welfare of the underprivileged people and want to make sure the shop-in is an educational experience about the inner workings of capitalism and the SPECTACULAR COMMODITY ECONOMY," stated one person expecting to attend the learn-in. He's probably right, what's a department store without a police force and the threat of punishment hanging over the heads of the "unfortunates" with little or no money to buy the crap which slick advertising hype has led them to believe is the true meaning of life.

If Christmas is the time of giving, why then do the department stores, the meccas of Western humanity, only take from the people. Why does the media-drugged middle class slurp up the garbage to make their crotches smell "better", their hair look "alive", plastic for the mind and body.

Yes, great numbers of freeks will be on hand at the Bay to observe the annual frenzy of the consumer culture as thousands of human beings suckle at the honeyed breast of Western civilization.

When asked what she was going to do at the learn-in, a young girl replied, "Why should I do anything, just checking out the mad trip that is going down is enough, I mean if there's a lot of freeks there I'm sure shop-lifting will happen, but what's important is that we just take our time and go slowly through the store and just

sort of observe what our life-style is the alternative to!"

Another commune hopes to have an alternative Santa Claus which GIVES away real presents to the kids instead of just making empty promises. It is hoped that others pick up on this theme and bring a lot of different things to give away and ideas to share with their brothers and sisters during the festive evening.

The only formal activity planned is saying "Hi" in the alienating "department" store environment.

The original announcement stressed the fact that the evening was a learn-in, therefore there would be "no-one teaching or telling any-one what to do." Everyone is encouraged to devise their own trip whether stench bomb, hash brownies, dancing, costumes, or speeches, whatever.

Hopefully people will engage the so-called "straight" customers in conversations about the merits of the SPECTACULAR COMMODITY ECONOMY. It is important to get first hand insights when examining strange phenomena. Ask them simply, "Why are you buying that product?" and you will no doubt be rewarded with all manner of titillating, humorous, and inspiring responses. For another trip, try on and test several different types of shoes in the shoe department, after you have them tried on discuss their spiritual merits and psychedelic possibilities with the attentive shoe clerk. There is room for every fantasy in the Wonderland of Honk.

The general itinerary of the evening is simple yet varied. At about 6:30 people are expected to arrive on the floor of the Bay's downtown emporium for general orientation. After that Toyland is the next stop at about 7:00 or so — model airplanes, Santa Claus, children, etc. From Toyland the people will move on to various workshops which will manifest themselves within the brains of the clever students. The people intend to inspect and detect the products which have been accused of being substandard, useless, misrepresented, and made in fascist countries like South Africa, Spain, Greece, and the U.S.A. This project will be undertaken with fervor, no product will escape the perceptive eye.

When a product is found to fit into any of these categories the people will endeavor to bring it to the attention of the management or failing that will collect all the offending items and using the time honoured democratic method will bring them to the cashier for purchase!

From the workshops the curious explorers will reconvene en masse on the main floor of Eaton's shortly after 8:00 to discuss the evening's discoveries. From there???

The most important thing to remember is that it is YOU who will make the evening happen as you interact with your environment. The SPECTACULAR COMMODITY ECONOMY shop-in will be as successful and as profitable as you want it to be. COME ONE, COME ALL, WEDNESDAY EVENING. ALL POWER TO THE IMAGINATION!!

NEW YEAR
28 DEC - 2 JAN
NEW YEAR'S PARTY
at
Le Chat Noir
95 POWELL GASTOWN home of
LE HOT CLUB de GASTOWN
TIM WILLIAMS
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NEW YEAR'S EVE

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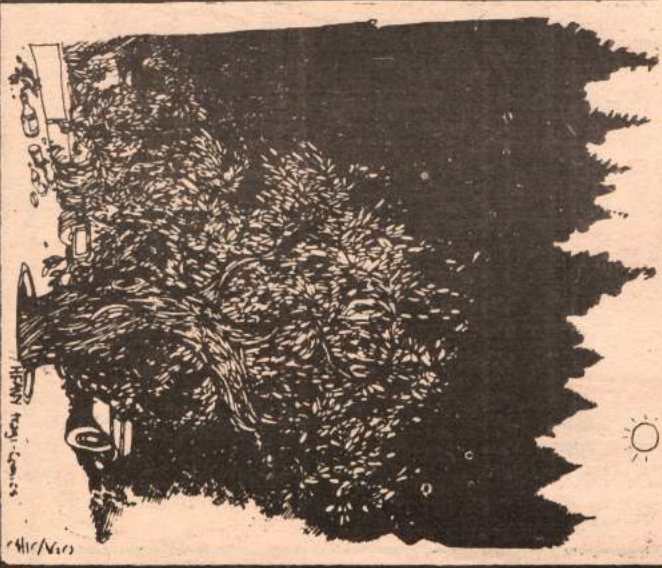
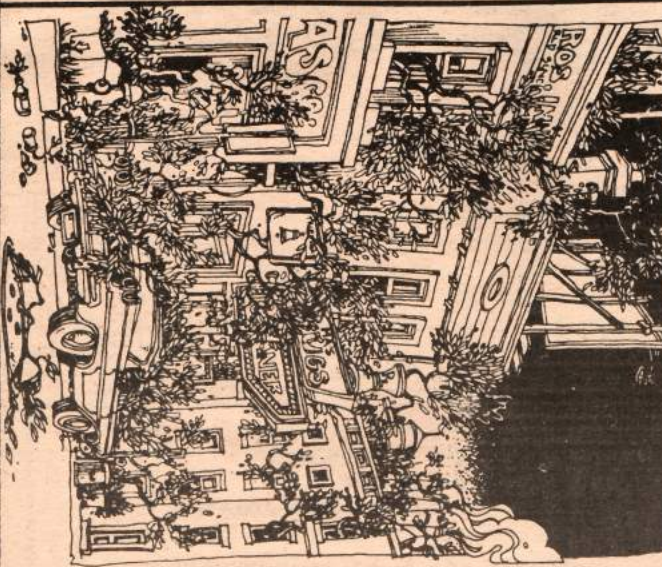
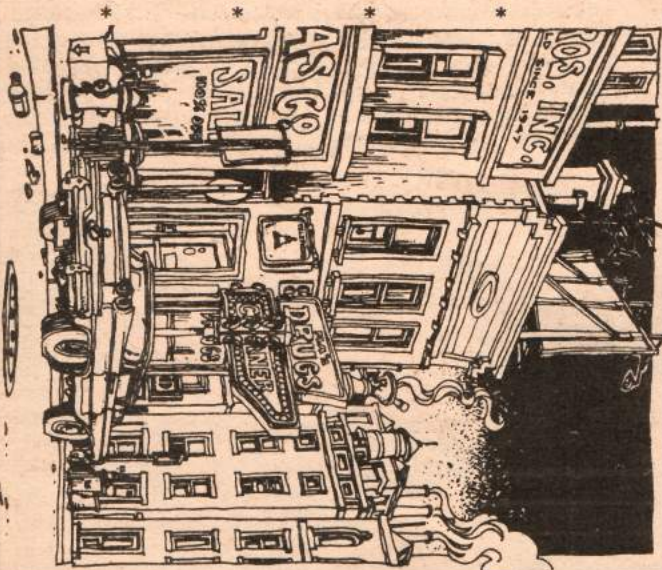
Novel An au Chat Noir
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IS BEAUTIFUL
by Irving Stowe



"WHAT MAN IS THERE OF YOU, WHOM IF HIS SON ASK
BREAD, WILL HE GIVE HIM A STONE?" Matthew 7:7

What a non-Christmas present the Finance Committee of the Pacific National Exhibition has made to the people of Vancouver (and B.C. and Canada!) Its refusal to approve any refund or donation to the Don't Make A Wave Committee, contrary to assurances, amounts to a callous \$3,500 RIPOFF. Note the Greenpeace Benefit Concert financial statement hereby made public as promised.

By this arrogant calculated disregard for the disciplined non-violence of the Greenpeace project, the power structure has exposed itself as ANTI-CANADIAN - on the side of U.S.A. nuclear violence EVEN WHEN IT THREATENS CANADIAN HEALTH AND LIVES!

The Don't Make A Wave Committee has called an emergency meeting to consider appropriate action. TIME: 7:30 p.m. on Wednesday, December 23rd. PLACE: 2775 Courtenay Street (corner of 12th Avenue in the 4200 block West)

DON'T MAKE A WAVE COMMITTEE
GREENPEACE BENEFIT CONCERT

Receipts and Disbursements
(as of: December 19, 1970)

Gross ticket sale receipts:			\$23,379.00
Less expenses:			
P.N.E. 15% of gross*	\$3,506.85		
P.N.E. - for staff, etc.	737.70	\$4,244.55	
Vancouver Ticket Center		905.16	
Ticket printing		137.59	5,187.30
Net receipts after payment of above:			\$18,091.70
Less further expenses:			
Artists' performances			
- donated in full		\$ 0.00	
Transportation and hotel			
- net after a contribution of \$371.00		490.34	
Advertising and printing#		618.84	
Piano (cartage only)		104.00	
Piano tuning		18.00	
Spotlights (labor only)		57.26	
Sound system (only charge)		50.00	
Photomurals and staging		101.81	
Telephone and postage		91.55	
Flowers and photographs		27.00	
Incorporation (disbursements)		51.97	1,610.77
Net income from sale of tickets:			\$16,480.93
Add concert collection proceeds:			683.07
Total income from concert:			\$17,164.00

*The Pacific National Exhibition Finance Committee (meeting after the municipal election) has just refused to allow the refund or donation which the DON'T MAKE A WAVE COMMITTEE had been encouraged to expect.

#net after contributions. However, the \$618.84 includes the Vancouver Sun's bill of \$420.00 which was paid in full because it refused to make a reduction or donation.

IF YOU'RE HOOKED ON XMAS TREES
AT LEAST REPLANT YOUR RIPOFF!

Trees are a very important part of the environment that keeps us alive. Conservationists abhor ripping off trees for ceremonial observances such as Christmas. But for those of you who still insist on having a tree in your house, there is reprinted below an alternative suggested in the last issue of Bellingham's NORTHWEST PASSAGE (which describes itself as "the fortnightly journal of ecology, the arts, and good healthy livin'"):

"Every Christmas, in a fit of extravagance we can no longer afford, hundreds of thousands of trees are chopped down, used for a few weeks, and discarded.

A happy alternative to this destruction is a living Christmas tree - it's both ecologically sound and in keeping with the traditional holiday spirit. (Is it really possible to feel warmly toward a plastic tree?)

Herewith some instructions for a Save-A-Tree Expedition: It would be kind to choose a small tree that looks crowded, weak and/or unhappy. Dig gently, removing a generous amount of the surrounding soil and taking care to avoid breaking or severing the main roots. Wrap the roots, soil and all, in burlap. There's no need to remove the burlap until the tree is replanted outdoors.

Place your tree in a bucket or tub in a cool corner of your house - lightly pack sand or dirt around the root ball for support. The soil should be kept slightly moist at all times. Your tree will be fine inside the

house for about two weeks, and will respond contentedly to loving care and down-home decorations like popcorn and cranberry strings.

For your New Year's Day project, plant your tree in a treeless place outside. Be sure it will get plenty of sunshine and water. The planting hole should be just deep enough to cover the roots well. Pat your tree on the head, wish it luck, then sit back and watch it grow!"

* * * *

DOROTHY'S CHRISTMAS PANCAKES
(quantities are very approximate)

- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- Some cream, skim milk powder, water
- Lecithin granules, 2 tablespoons
- 1/4 cup wheat germ
- 1/2 cup yellow corn meal
- 1/2 cup whole wheat stone ground flour
- 1/2 cup soy grits
- 2 tsps. baking powder
- 3 tsps oil
- 1/4 cup honey
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup sunflower seeds
- 1/4 - 1/2 cup currants
- 1/4 - 1/2 cup buckwheat pancake mix

To serve, spread with honey, and pile on cubed fresh fruits (apples, oranges, bananas, currants, etc.)

THE GEORGIA STRAIGHT ANNOUNCES NEW OFFICE HOURS

9:30 AM to 5:30 PM
MONDAY THRU SATURDAY
(CLOSED SUNDAY)
BEGINNING JAN. 4TH

VENDORS!
THE PAPER WILL BE
PUBLISHED ON
TUESDAY - DEC. 29TH

ARETHA OFFERS BAIL FOR ANGELA

(Liberation News Service)

NEW YORK (LNS) — Popular recording artist Aretha Franklin says she stands ready to post Angela Davis's bond, "whether it's \$100,000 or \$250,000."

"Angela Davis must go free," Aretha said. "Black people will be free. I've been locked up (for disturbing the peace in Detroit) and I know you've got to disturb the peace when you can't get no peace."

"Jail is hell to be in. I'm going to see her free if there's any justice in our courts, not because I believe in communism but because she's a black woman and she wants freedom for black people."

"I have the money; I got it from black people — they've made me financially able to have it, and I want to use it in ways that will help our people."

So far, however, Angela is being held without bail.

John HANDY QUARTET

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YEHUDI RAPS

by MICHAEL QUIGLEY

In addition to his being a celebrated violinist, Yehudi Menuhin's international reputation has been enhanced in many ways. He has been instrumental in the organization of three European music festivals, and has also founded a school for young musicians in England. Musically, he has devoted much time to conducting, and in the last twenty years has maintained a deep interest in the music of the East. (He has collaborated on two well-known albums with Ravi Shankar, for example).

While talking to Menuhin, one rarely senses that he is in his mid-fifties. Despite his knowledge of music and understanding of people which only comes with time, Menuhin's outlook on life remains as fresh as that of a young child. Perhaps this is, as he has suggested, a result of the fact that as a boy he was comparatively isolated. (A child prodigy, he made his debut playing Beethoven's Violin Concerto at age 11.) In any case, he manifests a great understanding of and interest in both people and his art.

Following are excerpts from an hour-long press conference held for Menuhin while he was in Vancouver last week:

YM: When I speak of contemporary music, it's not the same as when my son speaks of contemporary music. There's always the generation gap. I realise that I cannot now pretend that when I'm playing Bartok, I'm playing contemporary music, or even Schoenberg. I can't pretend that I'm riding the last crest. I don't in fact know what the last crest is. It's in the airplane that I do most of my contemporary reading, and there's this young English pianist who's the last word in rock, pop, or jazz, whatever you call it. You must know his name... he jumps on the piano.

MQ: Elton John?

YM: That's right. He seems rather wonderful and exciting. I can't wait to hear him. He studied at the Royal Academy, and then decided that music for him was to be something more spontaneous. I think that's all very healthy. Once you have your basis, the discipline of your studies in music or any other subject, and then to escape them and be free and improvise and create your own world, I think it's a wonderful thing. Nor do you have to have the basic disciplines necessarily. Children improvise at games. I'd like to see them do much more spontaneous music in the schools at an early age — even making their own instruments and creating their own melodies and dances. But things still have to be formalized somewhere along the line, before, after, or during. I think that's what we're seeing taking place now with people like Elton John.

MQ: Are there any contemporary composers you're particularly interested in?

YM: Penderecki and Lutoslawski... I did Postlude by Lutoslawski last year in New York. Then there's Blackwood, the American composer, sort of modified twelve-tone, and Ben-Haim, the Israeli. I'm still primitive enough to want my music not to be absolutely abstract. I like it still to move me, to move an audience.

MQ: Do you listen to rock music at all?

YM: No, but I read about Elton John and I was very intrigued.

YM: We're overwhelmed today with background music. There's too much of it. It's kind of a background noise which absorbs too much of our consciousness. Just as a painting has to be appreciated on a canvas which has no other painting, so music has to grow out of silence. And there's not enough silence, not enough clarity, clean spaces of no noise, and privacy. Even now we have this air conditioning noise...

MQ: That's the tape recorder noise...

YM: Oh, the tape recorder noise. If it weren't for that, there'd be some other noise. The number of machines that are going on all the time is appalling. The lack of subtlety in our civilization is a very disturbing factor.

YM: If you give an audience a really live performance which they don't often get (it depends a great deal on the quality of performance), if you hear a Beethoven symphony and feel it as you might for the first time and not simply repeating yourself... you see, what an audience wants is an experience, a living experience, and that's why the living concert will always exist, because the moment of creation, the moment the artist gets on stage and actually MAKES that performance is an entirely different impression than turning the record on and knowing that it's there. One might even say that the interest in live performance will come more and more. We are treated more and more as numbers, whether it's by the Office of Tax Collectors or the Police Department, we are not treated any longer as individuals, but as categories. More and more we are herded and we get our bills through computers and so forth. Therefore, the need for live contact, to be reassured that life is something that pulsates, that communicates between human beings is more than ever necessary. People are really starved for it. That's why the young people

off and live in communes, why they are establishing their own set of values, which are in many cases not only legitimate, but very, very important and valid.

YM: Nothing in my life has basically changed. The extraordinary thing is that I can look back on, and find in my early years the seed of everything that interests me today. I mean, I love nature, as probably everybody does, but I remember what it meant to me from time to time when our family in San Francisco would go out to visit some people in the country who had a chicken farm. In the morning, one of my moments of really ecstatic joy was to hear the rooster crow. I thought it was one of the most wonderful sounds in the world. You can still hear in Buenos Aires today, where they have roosters and hens on rooftops in the center of town. I wish more chickens and human beings would live in the centre of New York instead of abandoning these office buildings at night and having these vast empty spaces, and then forcing the people out to face traffic and waste their time in suburban driving. It would be much better to cut down on the number of cars and enable people to



live in the centre of town and have some quiet and the advantages of the centre of town. Centres of towns are dying now because people aren't living next to their theatres, their libraries, but are driven out and the town is taken over by anonymous office buildings which remain empty and rather terrifying at night.

MQ: Are you dissatisfied with the methods being used to teach music today?

YM: It's not the methods I'm not satisfied with. It's the teachers. People talk a lot about methods as they talk about "isms". What really makes a difference is what their values are, what kind of people they are, whether they respect life. And the same thing with methods. Obviously certain methods are better than others in certain ways. I mustn't give you the impression that there's no difference in methods. There are differences, but they're even more important — the teachers — even more important than the method. The most important thing to remember in teaching a child, or anybody, is that one isn't trying to impose something on the student. I think one should let the student find out what he wants to find out, what he's dying to find out himself, and find the easiest way for that to happen. Too often the teacher has posed as the authority and relied on his authority and the book. I think that a real teacher should refer very little to a book. He should keep the contact with the student direct, especially when it's with very young children. If a mother had to consult a book every time she responded to her baby, it would be very, very poor. The same thing happens with a teacher. The relationship between a teacher and the student must be direct, mustn't be devious or through the book. Whatever method a teacher has should be so adaptable to the particular child or particular situation that he should be ready at any second to give up the method for the child.

YM: I hate most instant things, but instant art has some value to it because it's an effort to make an artistic work out of living. Every moment of life can be a work of art worth doing in terms of communication and inherent intrinsic value.

what you should know to be a poet

all you can about animals as persons.
the names of trees and flowers and weeds.
names of stars, and the movements of the planets
and the moon.

your own six senses, with a watchful and elegant mind.

at least one kind of traditional magic:
divination, astrology, the book of changes, the tarot;

dreams.
the illusory demons and illusory shining gods;

kiss the ass of the devil and eat shit;
fuck his horny barbed cock,
fuck the hag,
and all the celestial angels
and maidens perfum'd and golden-

& then love the human: wives husbands and friends.

childrens' games, comic books, bubble-gum,
the weirdness of television and advertising.

work, long dry hours of dull work swallowed and accepted
and livd with and finally loved. exhaustion,
hunger, rest.

the wild freedom of the dance, ecstasy
silent solitary illumination, enstasy

real danger. gambles. and the edge of death.

— Gary Snyder

(from Regarding Wave)

like a carnival

here she comes
to talk with me
gawd, she's
like a carnival
followed & surrounded
by barkers,
midgets,
tatooed ladies
& quantities
of marks

sometimes it's
a very good act
but usually
i refuse to play
my part, that of
the insane poet
& she always
begins with
that same line,
a non-question
which signals
the curtains to rise
on this lurid spectacle

i accept this
as fate
as she
opens the show
with,
"what's happening
baby?"

s.c.burt

mess ages for kitch mess ages for or kitch mess

1. XMES DAY CUROL
God rust ye merry gintlemen
Let nothing you dismay
Tomorrow .Armafuckingeddon comes
but not on Kitch Mess Day.
Rev yr motors
salt the snow
burn the fuel oil high
smash the bottles
cut the trees
& let the missiles fly.
Like Christ brought Love & Peace today
relax man it's a gift —
the Bomb's not due till Boxing Day
— it's still the 25th.

2. TWUZ 8 NITES B4 XMUS
Twuz 8 nites b4 xmus & awl thru Eetsums & Baywurds
evree kreechr wuz byin reternubl gif kooponz
th stawks wer panteehoz the chimneez wer gon
& a plastik st. Nik wuz lit up on eech lon
Th kideez wer nesslt with speed by ther telleez
wile vizhns uv spaiswar kurdld ther belleez
& mom in hr strechbelt & maxeeskirt ovr
wuz checkn th sittir 2C wuz she sobr
Th moon on th brest uv th nu-falln sno
wuz a hy ryzr spotlyt that wisprd HOHO! . . . Ho Ho . . .
ho ho

wen wat 2 my wundern gaiz shud apeer
but a smal flyen sawsr with inflaytabl deer
& a 3-legit Pylot hoo bowd with a leer:
"Beri Beri Old Kitch Mess & a Grippy Dew Near!"

3. CHILD'S PRAYER TO SANTA
Santa send me soldier clothes
Ray guns, rockets plenty.
Santa send me all this now
Instead of when I'm twenty.

earle birney

MUSIC IS NEWS

Tell the stories: sing the songs.
Civilization is upon us, we insist.

Happy and Artie Traum: Brothers to self
and each, of Woodstock. "... music thrives
on our energy, draws our hope, purges
and soothes us. It is our life, but not our
solution. A small part, maybe."

Jaime Brockett: Always coming, always
gone, yet always with us. "I'm Jaime
Brockett, I'm Gen. Custer, I'm P. T. Barnum,
I'm a mind drift pervert from Denver who
just plays music."

Maury Muehleisen — Gingerbreadd:
Traveler west through imagination.
Opaque and lucid thought/feeling;
nostalgia. "Right now we're all
experiencing the ever since."

Don Nix — In God We Trust: "with special
thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Greene, John Fry,
Denny Cordell, Leon Russell, Jim Stewart."
Open the door and see all the people.

McGuinness — Flint: Top of British charts
now to further and Furthur Bergmanesque/
mysterious fame fortune on sunny
American machinations. Welcome.



on Capitol
and
Shelter



Third in a series of drawings
commissioned by Capitol from John Van Hammersveld.



DAN MICK SHOT- LICKS

AND HIS



also
Sundance

A BIG MOTHER TRIP...
SEEDS OF TIME
SOLID COMFORT
FIREWEED
ORVEL DORP
UNCLE VINTY
MENDELBAUM
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BRING GOODIES
MERRY CHRISTMAS'



Sound by KELLY
DEYONG

BOOMASSE

SEE YOU THERE!

caravan



by RICK MCGRATH

MERRY CHRISTMAS!!!

That was for all of you who habitually read only the first line of anything and then pass on to more interesting copy like the funnies, or the ads, or Engle-donk. (Sorry Birdyhum, but that's the price of fame, or, as the late great Alan Freed once said "That's show biz".)

So much for this inconsequential pratter. Climbing upward and relatively ever onward (a Victorian concept), our collective gaze focusses faintly upon what could best be described as a curious situation: a dark skinny lad sits hunched in an overstuffed chair; over his head sits a quivering, yet old, set of earphones, over his eyes sits the frightening, pallid, blank stare of critic deeply immersed in the nuances of pap pop schlock rock 'n roll criticism.

As our cosmic two-way mirror closes in on the unsuspecting subject, a strange thing begins to happen. A tinge of colour returns to his cheeks, a faint sparkle to the eyes, and, yes, the beginnings of a smile brighten his dark countenance. What, we gasp in unison, could cause this change? Carefully the headphone cord is traced back to its source, and there, beside the over-worked amp sits the turntable stuffed with the likes of Grand Junk (thanks, Mike), Tree Frog Blight (formerly Three Dog Night), Led Zipper (thanks, Jim) and numerous other examples of how much derivative, pedestrian garbage is released these days.

But what's this? Three new records on top, and the first is already slipping down the post to await the diamonds three gram touch. Let's see, the album is VAN MORRISON, HIS BAND AND STREET CHOIR (Warner 1884). Smiles all over the place. Got to make you feel good. And warm. It's been eight months since the first sign of light and MOONDANCE for Van, and I'm still getting into the beauty and happiness of that experience. Now we have this new one to dig and to listen and to try and . . . well, never mind. Records like these are personal experiences and we take care of them each in our own way. If I was to speak of it in critical terms I would say that is going back and rediscovering his own roots, his own joys, his own love of the world. The music is a trip back also, back to the R&B forms of the fifties to accentuate his vocals. So much for the music, it's great but it serves a better purpose as a vehicle for Van's voice, and that's where I think all the action is. I remember reading somewhere that this guy (some critic) thought Morrison's voice was as great as Jagger's, and it was because Van was in Belfast with Them rather than in London with the Stones that made the difference in fame, etc. Honest, I didn't make that one up. Listen to what the man does with the words, and how his voice interacts with his music. Then if you're still not blown, listen to the words themselves. They're all clues, and they always have been. Find yourself, and brother it's a Brand New Day, it's just like jellyroll, it's time to find a street choir.



VAN MORRISON

The next record to drop is Bobby Dylan's NEW MORNING (Columbia 30390). Nobody can ignore this disc. You can't help liking it: I know Bob is a crummy guitarist and he plays a bad harp and he has a funny voice but you have to understand that that kind of star (Hollywood clean) crap doesn't matter anymore. Dylan overcomes all with the beauty of his songs and the truthfulness of his delivery. He means what he says.

The cuts on this album demand their own attention, not only for the lyrics, but because of Dylan's newly flowered melodic interests. "If Not For You", besides being murdered on Harrison's sugary album, is given a bouncy light arrangement that instead of pointing out the closeness of the inane rhyme scheme (door/floor, blue/you), adds just the correct amount of lilt to make the whole thing work. "If Dogs Run Free" is one of the funkiest things since "Like A Rolling Stone". Bob's pseudo-jazz deadpan voice just oozes out over the incredibly intricate instrumental/voice freckout that fills in the background. Fantastic idea. "New Morning" speaks for itself. Again I must admit a slight debt to Van Morrison, at least in the lyrics dept., but musically the two diverge. Van sticks to R&B, Bob does his own Rock & Country trip. But then, why compare? They're both great.



BOB DYLAN

The third record now drops and it's JOHN LENNON/ PLASTIC ONO BAND (Apple SW 3372). The album cover depicts a rather pastoral scene: John and Yoko, John lying against her arm, under the protective foliage of a giant oak tree. Highly symbolic, for all you symbolism freaks. On the back cover is a high grain shot of a young boy smiling rather sweetly. Probably Lennon. No liner notes, no nothing. On the inside the record sleeve is covered with lyrics, notes, etc. But this is not to the point because the album is playing, and it's what comes out of the speakers that's important.

In this case, I would say this album is probably the most important single statement Lennon has released. From an informative standpoint, this album of John's is an example of superb insight/introversion and simplicity. Basically, it seems that the overall theme of the disc is concerned with John's new awareness of the irony between his "apparent" and "real" environment. What John is saying on most of the cuts is that he realizes the basically inhuman quality of his 'star tripping' past, and now wants to assert his humanity and re-enter the human condition. This entrance involves pain, and that's what most of this album is about. John goes through a lot of pain to reach his goal, and to me, anyway, the process is painful to listen to. John is overly harsh in places, both to himself and those around him, and this harshness finds its forms in diverse patterns of a purging quality.

The album opens with a painful insight into John's personal life:

"Mother, you had me but I never had you
I wanted you but you didn't want me
So I got to tell you
Goodbye goodbye"

I mean, stuff like that is hard to write and hard to accept. It takes guts to get to that level of honesty and pull it off without coming across like some ogre out of Freud.

Then there is John's negation of the topical, in-crowd games in his "I Found Out". First, he puts down the hip community: "I told you before, stay away from my door/Don't give me that brother brother brother". Then he craps on Christianity: "There ain't no Jesus gonna come from the sky/Now that I found out I can cry", then sexuality in the form of good old american he man shit: "Some of you sitting with your cock in your hand/Don't get you nowhere don't make you a man". And he hits Harrison and the mystic East: "Old Hare Krishna got nothing on you/Just keep you crazy with nothing to do". Then the final crap on dope: "I seen through Junkies I been through it all/ I seen religion from Jesus to Paul". (get the funny there?)

The next cut, "Working Class Hero", is a master-



piece of sarcasm:

"Keep you doped with religion and sex and TV
And you think you're so clever and classless and free
But you're still fucking peasants as far as I can see
A working class hero is something to be.

There's room at the top they keep telling you still
But you must learn to smile as you kill."
The final shift from the "apparent" to the "real" comes in "God", which I will quote in full:

GOD

GOD IS A CONCEPT
BY WHICH WE MEASURE
OUR PAIN
I'LL SAY IT AGAIN
GOD IS A CONCEPT
BY WHICH WE MEASURE
OUR PAIN
I DON'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC
I DON'T BELIEVE IN I-CHING
I DON'T BELIEVE IN BIBLE
I DON'T BELIEVE IN TAROT
I DON'T BELIEVE IN HITLER
I DON'T BELIEVE IN JESUS
I DON'T BELIEVE IN KENNEDY
I DON'T BELIEVE IN BUDDHA
I DON'T BELIEVE IN MANTRA
I DON'T BELIEVE IN GITA
I DON'T BELIEVE IN YOGA
I DON'T BELIEVE IN KINGS
I DON'T BELIEVE IN ELVIS
I DON'T BELIEVE IN ZIMMERMAN
I DON'T BELIEVE IN BEATLES
I JUST BELIEVE IN ME
YOKO AND ME
AND THAT'S REALITY

THE DREAM IS OVER
WHAT CAN I SAY?
THE DREAM IS OVER
YESTERDAY
I WAS THE DREAMWEAVER
BUT NOW I'M REBORN
I WAS THE WALRUS
BUT NOW I'M JOHN
AND SO DEAR FRIENDS
YOU JUST HAVE TO CARRY ON
THE DREAM IS OVER

The tune, strangely enough, is almost an exact reproduction of "Love Letters Straight From Your Heart" by I can't just remember now. Cilla Black? She did one version. Think about the juxtaposition of the two sets of lyrics, because obviously Lennon chose it for a purpose. I mean he could have written another if he wanted. Also notice that John, in a negative way, frees himself from the "apparent" around him and in a process reminiscent of Descartes, arrives at the only truth, the only reality he can be sure of: himself—himself and Yoko: LOVE.

The dream may be over, but perhaps John will make it easier for the rest of us to carry on. Any bets the next album is a happy one?

Next week the final year-end wrap-up of musical goodies, so til then, MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYONE, you too, Roy.

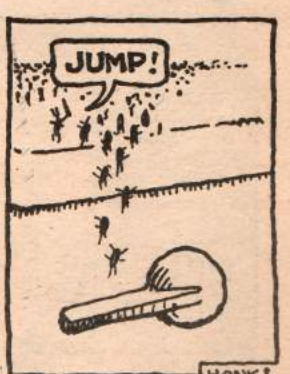
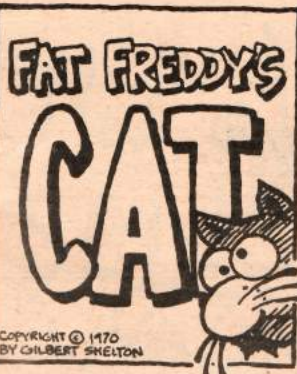
for Yoko with
love from John
10/30/71

THE FABULOUS FURRY

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(help continued)

Since it is Christmas I felt that there is no reason why we should depress ourselves with having to read of our misfortunate brothers and sisters who have been had by the Man. The truth is though that I didn't want to go up to the Cop Shop Merry Christmas and an Unbusted New Year to all of you out there





Coming events for the next 10 days. They're free plugs, so get yours in by the Monday preceding our Wednesday issue. State price or free. Next week the issue comes out Tues. the 29th, so the deadline is Sat. the 26th.

TUESDAY

Dec. 22

MUSIC - John Handy Quartet at the Olde Cellar, 2514 Watson (1 block east of Main). Shows at 9 & 11. Reservations 879-8122, till Dec. 27.

PUPPETS - "The Tinderbox" a tale adapted from Hans Christian Andersen by Vic Hay. On tour till Jan 2, at Oakridge Aud. till Thurs. at 11 am & 2 pm. Reservations 988-7724, tickets \$1.

MOVIES - Laurel & Hardy at the Colonial Magic Theatre. Tonight & tomorrow night 8 & 10 pm. \$1 adult, 75¢ child.

PLANETARIUM - An American chunk of the moon is doing a cross-Canada tour. See & hear it thru Sun. 10 am - 9 pm except XMAS.

MEDITATION - Introductory talk every Tues. 8 pm, 2549 W. 41st, 266, 0862.

MUSIC - Vladimir Sosnowicz & Bearwoody & Casey Burke at LE CHAT NOIR, 95 Powell Gastown. No cover charge.

MEDITATION - every Tues. & Thurs. 7:30 pm, Sat. 8 am. Vanc. Zen Centre, 139 Water Gastown.

WEDNESDAY

Dec. 23

MUSIC - John Handy Quartet (see Dec. 22)

PUPPETS - (see Dec. 22) at Oakridge 11 am & 2 pm.

COUNSELLING - on abortion 6-9 pm 511 Carrall.

PARADE - by torchlight for Chanukah Jewish Holiday Starts at 28th & Oak 7:30 pm followed by program at Jewish Comm. Centre.

CANDLE PROCESSION - Followed by caroling and hot chocolate, see what happens. Sponsored by NOW & Pt. Grey Hi Choir. Meet 7 pm at Arbutus & 4th for walk to Kits Beach Bring Candle. Santa is coming how about you?

DEMONSTRATION - "Shop-in at EATIN'S & The Buy; "Learn in-Turn on. Orientation 6:29 pm Main floor The Buy; Santa 7 pm; workshops; then on to EATIN'S (see story this issue)

CONCERT - Xmas Concert, arranged by Ian Hampton, cellist, Vancouver Symphony, at Vanc. Art Gallery, noon - 1 pm, FREE.

DOLL DISPLAY - Created by local craftsmen at Vanc. Art Gallery until Feb. 7.

DEMONSTRATION - Unemployed Woodworkers picket the Fed Manpower office, 1155 W. Pender to protest unsatisfactory processing of applicants. 10 am.

THURSDAY

Dec. 24

MUSIC - John Handy Quartet (see Dec. 22)

PUPPETS - (see Dec. 22) at Oakridge 11 am & 2 pm

PARTY - SOIREE DE L'AMITIE Xmas Eve at LE CHAT NOIR

95 Powell, Gastown. For those far from home. Dancing. No cover charge. Francophone-Anglophone et autres sont les bienvenus.

YOUTH NIGHT - Reach Centre every Thurs. 7:30 - 9:30, 1144 Commercial Dr. Help with medical, dental, sex info, birth control. For appointment call 254-1354. Free.

DISCUSSION - Women's Caucus, every Thurs. 8 pm. 511 Carrall.

FRIDAY

Fri. Dec 25

GIFTS TO INMATES - Cool-Aid & friends will throw gifts over the wall of the Willingdon Prison for Young Girls at 4 pm. If you can help call 736-9971. Bring a gift, candle & song. Willingdon & Canada Way, Bby.

CHURCH WITH DANCE - Western Dance Theatre at Christ Church Cathedral with Bach organ music. Midnight Mass, Burrard & Georgia.

SATURDAY

Dec. 26

MUSIC - John Handy Quartet (see Dec. 22)

PUPPETS - (see Dec. 22) at N. Van. Centenn. Theatre 11 am & 2 pm.

HOCKEY - Canucks vs Chicago Blackhawks, NHL at Coliseum, 5 pm, Tickets 254-5141 Watch hockey on Boxing Day. Sorry, no audience participation except yelling & brawls

MOVIES - opening of Charlie Chan double feature. Sat. 2 pm 7 days a week at 8 & 10 pm

lines head

TUES DEC 22 - THUR DEC 31

Colonial Magic Theatre. \$1 adult, 75¢ child.

ART - Eastend Satellite Gallery, Extension of Vanc. Art Gallery, 2023 E. 1st. Open Mon-Sat. 10 am - 10 pm, Sun till 5 pm.

YIPPIE! COMMUNITY OFFICE 509 Carrall, open every day 10 am - 6 pm. Free newspapers, join the revolution!

SUNDAY

Sun. Dec. 27

YOGA - Every Sun. 2:30 pm at the Free U, 1895 Venables.

MUSIC - Classical night weekly at LE CHAT NOIR 95 Powell Gastown. No cover charge.

FEAST - Hare Krishna Temple #305, 206 Raymur St. (near Franklin St.). FREE.

CONCERT - Dan Hicks & His Hot Licks, Seeds of Time, Solid Comfort, Fireweed, Orvel Dorp, Uncle Ginty, Mendelbaum 6 pm - 2 am at the Gardens \$2.75 adv, \$3.50 door. Organic Food by Shum, bring goodies.

YOUTH ACTION SERVICE - meet friends, discuss community action, free legal & med. aid, birth control, etc. Sun - Thurs. 7-10 pm. 950 W. 41st 266-2396.

PUPPETS - (see Dec. 22) at N. Van Centenn. Theatre, 2 pm.

MUSIC - John Handy Quartet (see Dec. 22) last night.

FILM - Hindi, at Queen E. Theatre 3 pm. Tickets at door Info. Mr. Patel, 434-8228.

MEETING - Vanc. Gay Lib 7:30 pm every week 509 Carrall, 3rd Fl.

MONDAY

Mon. Dec. 28

PRO WRESTLING - at the Gardens, 8 pm. Tickets 685-7924 (This column is for heads?)

MEDICAL AID - Every Mon. 8 pm, Free, Cool-Aid 1822 W. 7th.

WEDNESDAY

PUPPETS - (see Dec. 22) at Coquitlam Centennial School 11 am & 2 pm.

THURSDAY

Dec. 31

HARNESS RACING - Ex. Park 6:30. Why have \$ in your pocket?

PUPPETS - (see Dec. 22) at Coquitlam Centenn. School 11 am & 2 pm. Last show Jan 2

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downtown stores

West to East

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Record Gallery 912 Robson
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Opus 69 680 Robson
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International News 169 E. Hastings
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Point Grey stores

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Shum Organic Foods 3235 W. Broadway
Grin Bin 3209 W. Broadway

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other Vancouver stores

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Joyful Sound 1118 Langley Street
Kelly-Deyong 648 Yates
Men's Rooms 613 Johnson Street
Modern Sound 766 Fort Street
Munen's Books 753 Yates
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Stereo World 1321 Quadra St.
The Record Gallery 730 View St.

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DRUG INFORMATION CENTRE (Calgary) - 266-1605.

VANCOUVER SWITCHBOARD 874-3661.

SPEAK-EASY - room 234 in SUB. Mon.-Fri. 11:30 a.m.-8:30 p.m. Phone 228-3700.

VIETNAM ACTION COMMITTEE - Office No.12, 2414 Main St., 879-7011. 11 a.m.-4 p.m.

CHILDREN'S AID - day - 872-7711, night - 683-2474, 395 W. Broadway.

IN-SIGHT - North Shore help for young people (and other people) in need. Call 926-5481 any time.

YIPPIE! COMMUNITY OFFICE - 509 Carrall St. - open every day 10 to 6 - anarchy . . . free newspapers . . . Join the revolution!

COOL-AID phone number 736-9971.

TRANSIT INFO. - B.C. Hydro 261-4211.

HELP - is as close as the phone 24 hours a day - 733-4111, Crisis Centre.

Abortion Information Service. Wednesday 6-9 - 879-5836, 511 Carrall St.

Y.O.U. - help for youth moving into the city; listening post for ideas, problems, projects 10124 99th St. 424-4648. (E.d.m.)

ALEXANDER ROSS SOCIETY for draft resisters - call Mike Seales, counsellor, 465-4012. (E.d.m.)

INNER SPIRIT TEEN CENTER coffee house, artisan store - 10172 98th St. 429-2122. (E.d.m.)

KAMLOOPS Coffeehouse & crash pads, 411 West Victoria St., Kamloops, B.C.

ODYSSEY HOUSE - 1001 - 2nd Ave. S. Lethbridge, Alta. - Birth control, Abortion and Drug information centre. Phone 327-7766.

UNEMPLOYED CITIZENS WELFARE IMPROVEMENT COUNCIL - 731-0131 - walk in centre, 9-12 a.m. or 4 a.m. 1726 W.7th, side entrance. They will tell you of your welfare rights & will accompany you to the office if there is any problem.

SIERRA CLUB OF B.C. - we are a conservation group. Live a life style, not a death style! Phone 224, 6585.

Phone NOW - 736-7376 - any reason - anytime - for young people.

FREE VD CLINIC: 828 W 10th, 8:30 a.m. - 4 p.m. Monday-Friday and 306 Abbott Street, 3rd floor, 2:30 p.m. Monday-Friday and Cool-Aid Thurs. 6:30 p.m.

FREE clothing - take what you need, bring in what you don't. Trade-in books. Open Tues.-Sat. noon-6 PM. Y's Owl Boutique, 2904 W.4th open Sundays.

COOL-AID food co-op 736-9971
ECO-CENTRE - Free info. on environmental matters, pollution ecology, etc. Write 805 MacLeod Trail, Calgary, S.E. 263-6106.

FREE DROP-IN MEDICAL CLINIC - 7 p.m. Thursdays - REACH, 1144 Commercial Drive 24-hour doctors' emergency phone service, 683-2474.

SOFT MACHINE - for crash and food - 10611 87th Ave. 432-7125. (E.d.m.)

TRUST - drug crisis centre 9917 116th St. 452-2335. (E.d.m.)

S.H.A.Y.P. - jobs and crash for job-seekers only - 12432 Stoney Plain Rd. 452-0979. (E.d.m.)

MEDICAL AID - 8 p.m. Monday and Wednesday, free, Cool-Aid, 1822 West 7th.

YOUTH ACTION SERVICE - meet friends/discuss community action/free legal and medical aid/birth control and other information/Sunday to Thursday/7 to 10 p.m./950 West 41 Ave./266-2396.

BIRTH CONTROL COUNSELLING - appointments only 872-2421.

VANCOUVER FREE UNIVERSITY 1895 Venables, Office hrs. 11 am to 9 pm - 254-8522

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